MELBA AND I . . . BY JOHN BROWNLEE

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 25, 1954 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

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At Carnegie Hall on October 13th Dimitri Mitropoulos led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York in the American première of the Symphony No. 10 in E Minor by Shostakovitch. Olin Downes of The New York Times hailed the new work as "undoubtedly the strongest and greatest symphony Shostakovitch has yet produced."

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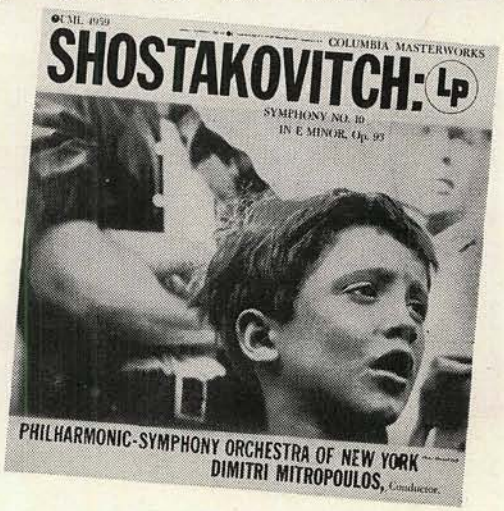

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SR's Library Poll

IT IS pleasant to welcome to *SR*'s poll one of the longest-suffering literary series of all time. Mazo de la Roche's Jalna Saga ("Variable Winds at Jalna" is #18 on the list below), the history of the virile and innumerable Whiteoaks clan—grandmother, cousins, property, farms, uncles, and children by the dozens—is an enormously elongated celebration of the Canadian frontier, and the marvels which the will of man creates.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
4. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
5. **R.S.V.P.**
   by Elsa Maxwell (G)
6. **My Brother's Keeper**
   by Marcia Davenport (F)
7. **No Time for Sergeants**
   by Mac Hyman (F)
8. **The View from Pompey's Head**
   by Hamilton Basso (F)
9. **Katherine**
   by Anya Seton (F)
10. **A Child of the Century**
    by Ben Hecht (G)
11. **Desirée**
    by Annemarie Selinko (F)
12. **Mary Anne**
    by Daphne du Maurier (F)
13. **The Woman Within**
    by Ellen Glasgow (G)
14. **My Several Worlds**
    by Pearl Buck (G)
15. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
16. **Atoms in the Family**
    by Laura Fermi (G)
17. **Always in Vogue**
    by Edna Woolman Chase (G)
18. **Variable Winds at Jalna**
    by Mazo de la Roche (F)
19. **Call to Greatness**
    by Adlai E. Stevenson (G)
20. **The Blackboard Jungle**
    by Evan Hunter (F)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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DECEMBER 25, 1954

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SR/IDEAS

6 LAST OF THE GREAT FAIRYTALERS, by Rumer Godden

9 TOYNBEE AND OTHER EVERESTS, by Maurice Dolbier

10 THE YEAR'S BEST: Critics' Choices

20 FEMINISM IN REVERSE: AN EDITORIAL

35 MELBA AND I, by John Brownlee

SR/BOOKS

12 A YEAR OF CRIME
An Essay-Review by Sergeant Cuff

13 FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA, by John Leighton Stuart
Reviewed by Harold H. Fisher

14 AN AMERICAN IN INDIA, by Saunders Redding
Reviewed by Ralph McGill

15 THE MEN WHO RULED INDIA, by Philip Woodruff
Reviewed by William B. Willcox

16 THE LIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL, by Michael St. John Packe
Reviewed by Gordon N. Ray

16 WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, by R. H. Super
Reviewed by Edgar Johnson

18 AMERICAN FARM LIFE, by Lowry Nelson
Reviewed by Russell Lord

19 MINORITIES AND THE AMERICAN PROMISE,
by Stewart G. Cole and Mildred Wiese Cole
Reviewed by Edward N. Saveth

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

8 LITERARY I.Q.

21 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

22 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

23 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

24 TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace

25 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman

26 BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, edited by Frances Lander Spain

27 LITERARY CRYPT

34 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1083

35 *SR* RECORDINGS FOR JANUARY

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 52, Dec. 25, 1954. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

IN MEMORY OF THE PHOENIX NEST

ONE OF THE most popular features of *The Saturday Review* until Bill Benét died in 1950 was his PHOENIX NEST, in which poets good and bad could see their better efforts committed occasionally to print. Until—and unless—*SR* comes up with a satisfactory replacement for Benét TRADE WINDS will devote an occasional column to light verse-atility.

FROM DANIEL R. HOWE, of Ridgewood, N. J.:

Words for the Birds

Toward feathered friends, apology
Is not for us to have to tender;
For sake of ornithology
Birds should advertise their
gender.

You bet the Arctic tern survives?
If, like me, they can't discern
Which be husbands, which be
wives,
'Twill be the point of no re-tern.

Were I a feather-footed grouse,
I'd come to grief when I began
Mistaking others for my spouse
(Not once but ptarm and
ptarmigan).

Never guess about the heron:
He's and she's are kept trade
secrets.
(Paris of herons who are barren
Cannot have the slightest egrets!)

To honkers, don't with praise be
loose.
You could be quickly sued for
slander!
Flatter one as a "proper goose,"
You'll be summoned to court by
propaganda.

I asked a waddling water fowl
Whether it was duck or drake.
It answered "Eider" with a scowl,
And promptly swam across the
lake.

FROM B. JO KINNICK, of Piedmont, Calif.:

Baby Bibliophile

You may have known our baby
As a cherub, cute and fat;
As an infant acrobat;
As a gourmet, loving crumbs;
As a sucker, preference thumbs;
As a howler in the night;
As a spreader of delight.

Hear then of her new appeal.
She is an avid bibliophile.
Books! She loves them, licks
them, chews them,
Pauses now and then and views
them;
Uses them to spank her bunny,
Smiles and pats them; they are
funny.
Tired, she files them in a heap;
And, pillowed on them, falls
asleep.

ONE OF THE pleasantest surprises of the holiday season was the solid grosses registered by a book of poetry—"The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" (Viking)—first of its class to make the charmed best-seller circle since the days of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Here's the way eagle-eyed Phyllis ticks off a publisher's cocktail party:

From teas in any weather
Where lady authors gather.
Whose hats are largely feather,
Whose cocktails do not wither,
Who quote from Proust and Cather
(With penitence toward neither).
Away in haste I slither,
Feeling I need a breather.

FROM STUART HEMSLEY and James Simpkins's "Beastly Ballads" (Burns and MacEachern): "The Lion": "If

ever you fight a lion/You must keep on tryon;/For if you can't go the distance/You're the pièce de résistance." . . . "The Zebra": "The zebra's just an ass who has/Dressed himself for Alcatraz." . . . "The Lobster": "Lobsters always pause and think/If anyone hopes they're in the pink." . . . "The Pterodactyl": "You'd have to go a

long way bactyl/You came across a pterodactyl/And then, I wot,/You'd wish you had not." . . . Ogden must be gnashing his teeth.

MYKIA TAYLOR, of Elkins Park, Pa., makes a timely plea to book publishers:

Come to me, bend to me, help me
decry
The rash of titles beginning with I.
I WAS A SECRET AGENT FOR
MR. BIG
I WAS A SHORTSTOP IN A
MINOR LEAGUE

I WAS A EUTHANASIA EXPERT IN A DOG POUND
I WAS A TURNSTILE IN THE
UNDERGROUND

I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR
THE FBI
I MARRIED AN ANGEL, A
DINOSAUR, A HUMAN FLY

I WAS MOSSADEGH'S DOCTOR,
STALIN'S NURSE
I WAS A DOPE FIEND, A DIPSO,
I WAS . . . worse

Could we not, henceforth, all such
titles eschew
Along with those which start, SO
YOU'RE GOING TO—?

RICHARD ARMOUR, combing advertisements of his own and contemporaries' priceless tomes, admits:

I think that I shall never see,
Despite all hoping, hinting,
A book, however thick or thin,
That's advertised as being in
Its "Sixth SMALL printing"!

Well, Dick, this is a very merry Christmas season for folks at *The Saturday Review*. No more "small printings" for them, either! The circulation's now at a record high—over 150,000—and mounting steadily, thanks to you and you and you. Anybody bid 200,000?

ONE OF THE BUSIEST POETS at this time of the year is Frank Sullivan, without whose annual Christmas rhymes *The New Yorker* magazine probably would curl up and die. Frank was having a few in honor of the season at an office party when a disturbed miss confided to him that because the party was being held on an island she wasn't having any fun. Tarrying even briefly on an island gave her claustrophobia.

Father Sullivan, who long ago learned that the surest way to calm a phobia-ridden associate is to trot out some giant-sized phobia of your own, assured her, "I know exactly how you feel. I have the same trouble." "You get uneasy on islands, too?" she asked eagerly. "Not islands exactly," corrected Sullivan. "I'm uneasy on *continents*."

The young lady seemed comforted.

—BENNETT CERF.

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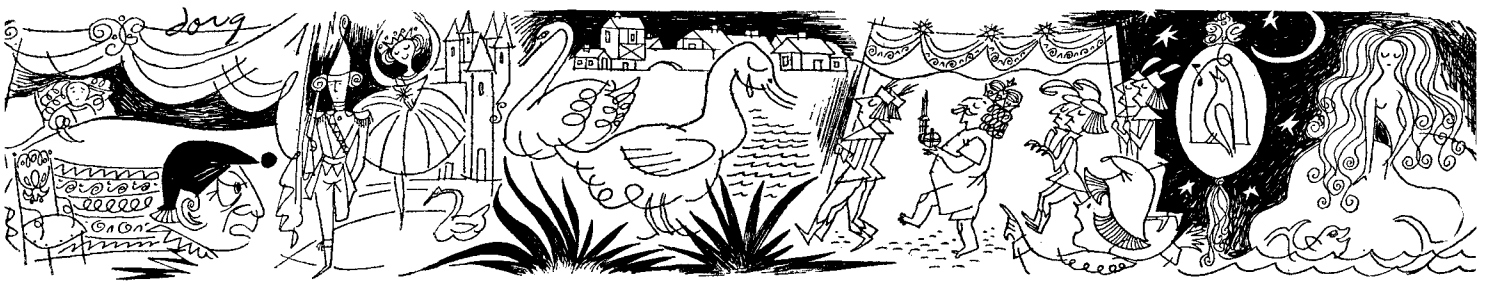
The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 25, 1954

LAST OF THE GREAT FAIRYTALERS



By RUMER GODDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because they form the diction and metaphor of the grown man, the stories which are read and enjoyed by children are self-perpetuating. Not only Mother Goose and Santa Claus, but all the characters which people profounder work that's still accessible to children—like the men of the Gospels, the beasts of the Grimm Tales (put together from the remnants of tales primeval Teutonic grandmothers used to scare their charges with), or the carefully contrived figures of Perrault, La Fontaine, Lewis Carroll, and Hans Christian Andersen—all these are as immortal as any literary persons can be. Rumer Godden, novelist and playwright (Mrs. Margaret Rumer Haynes Dixon in private life, a gardener and Pekingese breeder), has written here about the last of the great fairytalers, Andersen of Denmark; she gives an idea of all that went beyond his need to tell a "simple" tale to amuse children in these famous stories.

ON HANS ANDERSEN'S statue in the King's Garden of Copenhagen are the words "H. C. Andersen. Digter," meaning poet, or writer; that word often comes as a surprise; we are all so accustomed to think of him as a storyteller for the nursery that we forget that the Tales were conceived, worked over, polished by a hard-working writer. They seem so natural and easy that few of us realize that Andersen, by scholars and thinking people, is ranked among the great writers of the world.

Does that reputation rest only on the Tales? Yes, only on the Tales. Andersen wrote many other things, among them a novel that was immensely popular in its own day, "The Improvisatore"; there are three other novels, as well as travel books, plays—some of them produced at the Theatre Royal in Copenhagen—and books of poems but, except for a few of the poems, none of these is read now by anyone but students of Andersen; it is for the Tales that he has his place. On the surface it seems unlikely that such world fame should come from fairytales, little stories for children, but if we go deeper it is easy to see how and why it came.

The word "fairy" has become associated in our minds so much with children that we have forgotten its real meaning; it is from the old French word "*faerie*" that meant "enchantment" which, in its turn, came from the Latin "*fata*" or "fate," something inexorable and strong.

Andersen himself once explained what a fairytale could mean. "In the whole realm of poetry no domain is so boundless as that of the fairytale," he said. "It reaches from the blood-drenched graves of antiquity to the pious legends of a child's picture book; it takes in the poetry of the people and the poetry of the artist. To me it represents all poetry, and he who masters it must be able to put into it tragedy, comedy, naive simplicity, irony, and humor"—all qualities of Andersen. "At his service are the lyrical note, the childlike narrative, and the language of nature description." Andersen used them all. He also said, "In a small country a poet must of necessity be poor so that he must try and catch the golden bird of honor." He added, half disbelieving it, "it remains to be seen if I can catch it by telling fairytales."

In the 120 years since the first of Hans Andersen's Tales were published they have sold, taking the length of time into consideration, more copies than any other book in the world except the Bible, Shakespeare, and "Pilgrim's Progress"—there have been over 2,000 editions—and this is not only as an author for children; grown-up people from artisans to kings read him and keep his books on their shelves; scholars have given their lives to study him—one Japanese pro-

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fessor was so dissatisfied with the translations that he learned Danish only to read Andersen in the original; his Tales are in Japanese, Chinese, Hindustani, Arabic, Swahili, Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian, as well as all the European languages and Esperanto; they have been made into ballets, plays, films. He kept an album as a record of his friendships and the names in it read like an inventory of the most brilliant and famous people of the Europe of his time. Thorvaldsen the sculptor, Frederika Bremer the Swedish novelist, Grieg, Bøgh, Schiller, Heine, Chamisso, Tieck, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Cherubini, Victor Hugo, Dumas the Elder, Lamartine, de Vigny, George Sand, Rachel, Brandes, Liszt, Lord Palmerston, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Lady Blessington, Jenny Lind, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, the King of Prussia, the kings and queens of his own Denmark, were his personal friends.

HANS ANDERSEN wrote in his autobiography, "Life itself is the most wonderful fairytale." For him it certainly was. He started with every possible disadvantage: his father and mother were very humble and poor, a cobbler and a washerwoman. He came to Copenhagen from the country when he was only fourteen years old, and wandered a destitute waif about the city; he had no real schooling until he was seventeen, when the directors of the Royal Theatre, attracted by his strangeness and his queer persistence in attaching himself to the theatre and writing extraordinary and unactable plays, applied for a state grant to educate him. Added to all this he was so tall and thin and ugly that he might almost have been a freak, and so thin-skinned and nervous that he wept at criticism, burst out into violent rages, and was a torment to his friends, while his naivete would have been laughable if it had not been disarming. Yet he ended as a quiet, dignified, learned, and gentle man, his ugliness mellowed into a nobility that struck everyone who saw him; he was given the title of State Counsellor, with a state pension; he had orders and decorations. He became an accomplished courtier; it is told that once, at table, King Frederik VII raised his glass to Andersen; the drinking of healths in Denmark is a serious business and Andersen had only water in his glass; he thought the green color of the goblet would hide this and raised it in return but the King said, "When you drink to your King you drink wine."

"When I drink to my King water is made wine," said Andersen.

He was equally honored abroad; when he visited Portugal the ships in Lisbon harbor ran up their flags for him, and while he was in Scotland he lost his walking stick and it traveled safely back to him all over the Highlands, labeled simply "Hans Andersen, the Danish poet."

What was there in these fairytales to merit all this? Was it simply popularity? No, because it has lasted; Hans Andersen is as much read now as when he was alive, or even more. Kings and queens, artists and statesmen still read him as children do. But why? What is it that makes him so different from Perrault, for instance, or from Grimm?

Andersen's countryman Kai Munk, the poet and playwright, has remarked that there are two kinds of writing: writing of entertainment, which is ephemeral, and writing of existence, which can be very entertaining as well. It would seem that a fairytale must of necessity belong to the first group, but the Tales of Hans Andersen are writing of existence—they have their roots in eternal truths.

In the Bible we are told that God formed Man out of the dust of earth and breathed into his nostrils . . . and Man became a living soul. Without irreverence it might be said that Hans Andersen did something like that, too; he formed his stories of the dust of earth: a daisy, an old street lamp, a darning needle, a beetle, and made them live. His breath was unique; it was an alchemy of wisdom, poetry, humor, and innocence.

He was adult, a philosopher, and a lovable man; his stories are parables and have meanings that sound on and on—sometimes over our heads—after their last word is read. He was a poet and knew the whole gamut of feeling from ecstasy to black melancholy and horror. People call him sentimental; in a way he was, but in the first meaning of the word, which is not "excess of feeling" but an "abounding in feeling and reflection." He was a child; children have this godlike power of giving personality to things that have none, not only toys, but sticks and stones, bannister knobs and footstools, cabbages; it dies in them as they grow up but Andersen never lost this power. "It often seems to me," he wrote, "as if every fence, every little flower is saying to me, 'Look at me, just for a moment, and then my story will go right into you'." "Right into you," that is the clue. The daisy, the street lamp, the beetle—they are suddenly breathing and alive.

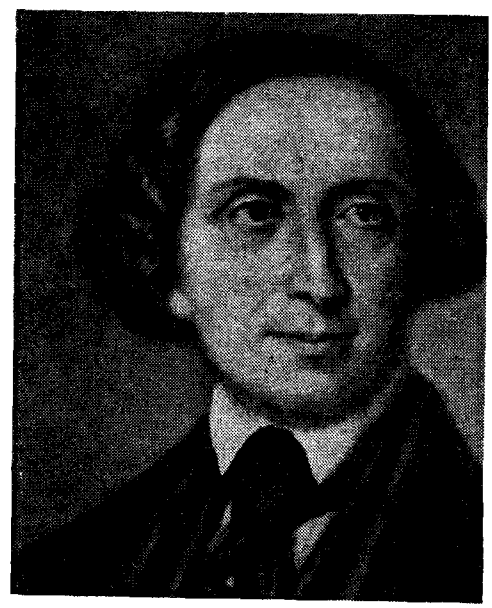
"Once upon a time there was a bundle of matches; they were tremendously proud of their high birth. Their family tree—that's to say, the tall fir tree that each little match stick came from—had been a huge old tree in the wood. And now the matches lay on the shelf between a tinderbox and an old iron cookpot, and they told the other two about the time they were young. 'Ah, yes,' they said, 'in those days, with the velvet moss at our feet, we really were on velvet. Every morning and evening we had diamond tea; that was the dew. And all day we had sunshine. . . . But then the woodcutters arrived; that was the great upheaval, and our family was all split up. Our founder and head was given a place as mainmast on board a splendid ship that could sail round the world if she liked; the other branches went to other places and, as for us, we've got the task of lighting up for the common herd; that's how we gentlefolk come to be in the kitchen.'

"'WELL, things have gone differently with me,' said the cookpot which stood alongside the matches. 'Right from the time I first came into the world, I've been scrubbed and boiled again and again. I've got an eye for the practical and, strictly speaking, I'm Number One in this house. My great delight, at a time like after dinner, is to sit clean and tidy on the shelf and have a nice little chat with my friends. But except for the waterbucket, who now and then goes down into the yard, we spend all our time indoors. Our one news-bringer is the market basket, but that goes in for a lot of wild talk about the Government and the people. Why, the other day there was an elderly jug so flabbergasted by what the basket said that it fell down and broke in pieces. It's a red Radical, that basket, mark my words!'

"'How you do chatter!' said the tinderbox; and the steel let fly at the flint, so that it gave out sparks. 'Come on, let's have a cheerful evening!'

"'Yes, let's discuss who belongs to the best family,' said the matches.

"'No, I don't like talking about



—*Culver.*

Hans Andersen—"boundless domain of the fairyta

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myself,' said the earthenware jug. 'Let's have a social evening. I'll begin. . . . On the shores of the Baltic, where the Danish beech trees. . . .'

" 'It does sound interesting the way you tell it,' said the broom. 'One can hear at once that it's a lady telling running through it all.'

" 'That's just how I feel,' said the basket, and it gave a little hop of sheer delight, and that meant "splash!" on the floor. Then the cookpot went on with its story, and the end was every bit as good as the beginning.

"The plates all rattled with joy, and the broom took some green parsley out of the bin and crowned the cookpot with it, knowing this would annoy the others and 'if I crown her today,' she thought, 'then she'll crown me tomorrow.'

" 'Now I'm going to dance,' said the tongs, and dance she did—my word, what a high kick! The old chintz on the chair in the corner fairly split himself looking at it. 'Now may I be crowned?' asked the tongs, and crowned she was.

" 'After all, they're the merest riff-raff,' thought the matches."

THAT is a whole live kitchen world. After reading it a kitchen never seems the same place again; one is almost afraid to take a shopping basket out for fear of what it might think; it is almost as if the dustpan might speak; and notice in how few words it is told.

All the stories have this economy, this startlingly quick effect. Andersen is verbose and boring in his novels and autobiography, but the Tales are his poems. Each story has the essence of a poem and a poem is not prose broken into short lines, but a distilling of thought and meaning into a distinct form, so disciplined and finely made, so knit in rhythm, that one word out of place, one word too much, jars the whole. With Andersen we are never jarred and it is this close knitting and shaping that give the Tales their extraordinary swiftness—too often lost in translation—so that they are over almost before we have had time to take them in and we have had the magical feeling of flying. The children, he remarked, always had their mouths a little open when he had finished; that is the feeling we have too.

But they were not written swiftly, were not the happy accidents that some people think them; anyone who has studied one of the original manuscripts from the first short draft of a story, through all its stages, the crossings out, rewritings, and alterations in Andersen's small spiky handwriting, the cuttings and pastings together, until it was ready for the printer, can see how each word was weighed and what careful pruning was done, what discipline was there. Even the discipline was skilful; Andersen never let it kill the life in his style.

That life is his hallmark. A sentence from one of Hans Andersen's Tales is utterly different from a sentence by anyone else. "The children got into the coach and drove off," Perrault or Grimm would have written but Hans Andersen wrote: "Up they got on the coach. Goodbye Mum. Goodbye Dad. Crack went the whip, whick, whack, and away they dashed. Gee up! Gee up!"

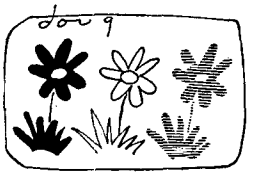
"It's not writing, it's talking," the irritated critics had said but, one after another, serious writers have found in it a source of inspiration: "From that moment," said Jacobsen, "a new prose was born in Danish literature; the language acquired grace and color, the freshness of simplicity."

It is this freshness and simplicity that are lost in most English translations but the newest, by R. P. Keigwin, Danish scholars say, catch the essence of Hans Andersen as never before; American and English people brought up on the sentimental verbose Andersens we have all known may find these a surprise. "But he makes the kitchenmaid in 'The Nightingale' say 'Gosh!' " said one American critic. Precisely, because "Gosh" or "Lawks" is nearest to the Danish of what she did say. "Where's your spunk?" the witch asks the Little Mermaid. That critic would no doubt have preferred "Where is your courage?," but "spunk," its one syllable snapped out so quickly, is nearer to Andersen. The difference in translations can be shown by studying the story of "The Tin Soldier." He has been called "The Dauntless Tin Soldier"; "The Constant"; "The Steadfast"; Mr. Keigwin uses "The Staunch." That small taut firm word "staunch" is exactly right for a little tin soldier and it has the quickness and economy of the Danish; and with all their slang the stories keep their beauty; Andersen is one of the few writers who uses slang beautifully.

He always had a turn for phrases. "She is like a little black coffee pot boiling over," he once said of a plump small dark and talkative woman.

Not everyone liked the Tales. There were some bad reviews: "Although the reviewer has nothing against good fairytales for the grown-ups," said one, "He can only find this form of literature entirely unsuitable for children. . . . Ought their reading, even out of school, to be merely for amusement? . . . Far from improving their minds," he said severely, "Andersen's Tales might be positively harmful. Would anyone claim that a child's sense of what is proper would be improved when it reads about a sleeping princess riding on the back of a horse to a soldier who kisses her? . . . or that

(*Continued on page* 32)



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents ten poetical quotations, each having a blank space to be filled in with "red," "white," or "blue." Allowing ten points for each correct choice, a score of sixty is par, seventy is good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 14.

1. "And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
   Build up the ..... dome of air."
2. "But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
   Clothed in ..... samite, mystic, wonderful."
3. "Have ye met with derision
   And the ..... laugh of war?"
4. "I saw ..... flowers and the merlin's flight,
   And the rime on the wintry tree."
5. "If the ..... slayer think he slays,
   Or if the slain think he is slain
   They know not well the subtle ways
   I keep and pass and turn again."
6. "It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
   And bide by the buff and the ..... "
7. "She would none of all my posies—
   Bade me gather her ..... roses."
8. "That hard ..... roof in shape and color's what it was."
9. "These I have loved:
   ..... plates and cups, clean-gleaming."
10. "Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
    With your hands and your feet and your raiment all .....?"

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Toynbee and Other Everests

SR's summing-up of the year in books is the work again this year of the literary editor of the Providence Journal. *Maurice Dolbier will be contributing to next year's literary output with a new book for children (Little, Brown) and a book of humor (Knopf).*

By Maurice Dolbier

IF AT almost any given moment during the past twelve months you had asked a book reviewer, a bookseller, or even a publisher for an opinion on 1954's literary output the replies would have varied only in degree of gloominess. That ancient and useful question "Have you read any good books lately?" was nearly always followed by a telltale pause.

Other questions increased the perturbation of publishers and booksellers—for the first, "When are we going into paperbacks?"; for the second, "When are we going out of business?" The answers to these would in the long run have a permanent effect on the reviewer's profession, but for the present he was concerned only with the quality of the product and in 1954 his views on that were dim. (When the London *Times* issued its celebrated supplement on "American Literature: Its Vigour and Independence" some of us were both startled and encouraged, but others felt that this subtitle was a typical example of British overstatement.)

Now is the time, however, when, away from the trees and, above all, away from the weeds and brush, one can look back and see the forest. It strikes the astonished eye as a remarkably sturdy and handsome one. Nineteen hundred fifty-four, we suspect now, may be one of the great years of publishing, not because it marked any exciting turning-point, or brought forward any challengingly vital new writers, but because it saw the publication of certain individual works, both eminent and durable.

The Everest among these, and the one that gave 1954 its most certain assurance of being remembered by dwellers in that as yet undiscovered country, the Future, was the completion of Arnold Toynbee's massive "A Study of History," the sort of work that not only non-historians, but even non-readers, would be willing to accept as great by just looking at it on the shelf, and would confirm as great by putting it in the scales. Some critics who have made the professionally unusual admission that Mr. Toynbee knows more than they do, and that more than half the time they don't know what he's writing about or where he's leading them, have nevertheless bashfully confessed their love for his masterwork. Among Mr. Toynbee's colleagues there are many who question his historical data and more who dispute the conclusions that he has drawn, but there is a general admiration for his industry, a grudging and sometimes envious regard for the eloquence of his style, and a delighted recognition that he has set up a target so broad and so inviting that whole generations of historians can make a solid living by writing studies of "A Study of History."

The Toynbee opus opened opportunities for controversy in the religious and political fields, also. Any great expectations, based on the first six volumes, that the completed work would be a phenomenal (for the twentieth century) piece of Christian polemics or, at the very least, a trumpet-call to a faith-lost age recalling it to the sheltering fortress of orthodoxy, were proved wrong. In his finding that civilizations and universal states were only (to quote a less-distinguished contemporary) "the unwitting handmaidens" of the higher religions, Mr. Toynbee may have pleased the devout, but in his further exploration of the future of the higher religions, as well as in his scholarly scorn for the escape-route back to a blindered faith, he entered upon paths that, even if they should lead to the light, are plainly marked as heretical, and lost many of his followers. Others found political heresy (an even more perilous thing in this age) in his considerations on the prospects of Western civilization, and in the seemingly obvious recognition that in the atomic age co-existence is the sole alternative to non-existence.

Disciples and antagonists alike can agree that Arnold Toynbee has produced, like Gibbon and Spengler, a work that will last as long as Western civilization does. The uncommitted lay reader, endorsing this verdict, is grateful to Mr. Toynbee for his polished and pleasurable way with the English language.

Excellence in style and skill in presentation were usual in the books of history published in 1954. Indeed, in this field and in the neighboring one of biography there was maintained most evenly a high level of distinction that other branches of literature managed to reach only spasmodically.

The third and final volume of Stephen Runciman's "A History of the Crusades" appeared, a work whose dry impersonality and calmly competent arrangement of data drawn from a bewildering complex of sources held the reader in a fascinated state more ordinarily induced by a spellbinding historical novel. Different in method but not in effect was Philip Woodruff's "The Men Who Ruled India," the two-volume story of the Englishmen who conquered, administered, and relinquished the great subcontinent, a story told brilliantly and individualistically, and soundly set in a personal knowledge of the land and its people gained during the author's own services there. American history had its own two-volume contributions: Glenn Tucker's history of the War of 1812, "Poltroons and Patriots," Allan Nevins's study of "Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company," and Paul Horgan's tribute to the river-gods of the Rio Grande, "Great River," which had its awkward and affected passages but was on the whole a moving and a grimly evocative account of the peoples who have flourished, and perished, along the great river's shores.

SINGLE books had their own triumphs. England sent Cecil Woodham-Smith's "The Reason Why," which, at a smart gait, told of the unbelievable follies and the unbelievable courage

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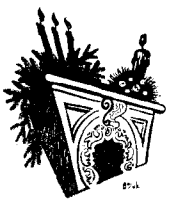
involved in the Charge of the Light Brigade on that Balaclava morning. But most of the books were by American writers and about American history. Louis Starr's "Bohemian Brigade" was a needed and neatly-done contribution in two areas of that history: the Civil War and American journalism. Wallace Stegner, in writing of Major John Wesley Powell and the Great West, in "Beyond the Hundredth Meridian," gave timely warning against the gobbling up and wastage of our natural resources; Donald Fleming, in writing of "Dr. William Welch and the Rise of Modern American Medicine," dealt with a personage and a work too little known; Gerald Carson's study of "The Old Country Store" combined nostalgia and a thoughtful analysis of social change.

In biography great Victorians loomed greater than ever in Philip Magnus's "Gladstone: A Biography" and Michael St. John Packe's "Life of John Stuart Mill"; English political sidelights were offered in Duff Cooper's autobiography, "Old Men Forget," and Sir Edward Spear's "Prelude to Dunkirk"; and backstage American politics were brought to the front of the house in two more volumes of Ickes's "Secret Diary" and in Senator-elect Alben Barkley's "That Reminds Me" (this last so crammed with jokes that one sometimes wondered whether our own GOM wasn't really trying to unseat not John Sherman Cooper, but Bennett Cerf).

That one-man historical society Bruce Catton, whose "A Stillness at Appomattox" won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, and whose "U.S. Grant and the American Military Tradition" was one of the most cogent historical and biographical works of 1954, appeared at the year's close in another promising role, as editor of the re-appurtenanced *American Heritage*. A change-over from paper-cover to hard-cover was, in itself, a newsworthy switcheroo, but of greater import was the demonstration of faith on the part of everyone concerned with *American Heritage* that a magazine in book form devoted to the accurate and attractive presentation of American history would find an eager and sizable readership, and the demonstration on the part of its initial subscribers that such an enterprise was economically, as well as patriotically, justifiable.

AMERICA'S most important heritage, and the one that has stood in the gravest danger of despoliation, was defined and defended by Elmer Davis in his "But We Were Born Free." A tide in national affairs began to turn

(*Continued on page 30*)



The Year's Best

THIS last week of the year, when men traditionally total up their accounts for the preceding twelvemonth, *SR* joins in the spirit of the season by asking a number of men and women who follow developments in literature to name the books they consider 1954's best in fiction, poetry, and the general fields. The forty-seven men and women who responded are listed at the bottom of the page. The books they nominated are listed alphabetically below, but for those who see a significance in numbers a few statistics will be of interest. In the fiction field "The Dollmaker," by Harriette Arnow, was listed ten times, and "The View from Pompey's Head," by Hamilton Basso, six times. In the field of poetry E. E. Cummings's "Poems 1923-1954" and "The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens" were each named eight times. In the general field "Great River," by Paul Horgan, received six nominations, and "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years and the War Years," five.

R. W., JR.

GENERAL

"Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years and The War Years." *by Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace) Babcock, Barkham, Hormel, McAlister, North.*
"The Age of Conformity." *By Alan Valentine. (Henry Regnery) Smith.*
"Atoms in the Family." *By Laura Fermi. (University of Chicago Press) Kogan.*
"Back of History." *By William Howells. (Doubleday) Shapiro.*
"Bent's Fort." *By David Lavender. (Doubleday) McManis.*
"But We Were Born Free." *By Elmer Davis. (Bobbs-Merrill) Flowers.*
"The Challenge of Man's Future." *By Harrison Brown. (Viking Press) Bates.*
"A Child of the Century." *By Ben Hecht. (Simon & Schuster) John K. Sherman.*
"Faith and Freedom." *By Barbara Ward. (W. W. Norton) Chalmers.*
"Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent." *By Henry Steele Commager. (Oxford University Press) Douglas.*
"Great River." *By Paul Horgan. (Rinehart) Bond, Herzberg, Little, Morrissey, O'Neill, Snajdr.*
"A History of the Southern Confederacy." *By Clement Eaton. (Macmillan) Catton.*

The twenty-eight newspaper reviewers who participated in this year-end poll are:

Frederic Babcock, *Chicago Tribune*
John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate
Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald*
Van Allen Bradley, *Chicago Daily News*
Ernest Cady, *Columbus Dispatch*
Leslie Cross, *Milwaukee Journal*
Maurice Dolbier, *Providence Journal*
Paul Flowers, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
Victor P. Hass, *Omaha World-Herald*
Max J. Herzberg, *Newark Evening and Sunday News*
Olive Deane Hormel, *The Christian Science Monitor*
Joseph Henry Jackson, *San Francisco Chronicle*
Herman Kogan, *Chicago Sun-Times*
Carl Victor Little, *Houston Press*
Durwood McAlister, *Atlanta Journal*
John McManis, *Detroit News*
Ralph Morrissey, *Nashville Tennessean*
Sterling North, North Weekly Book Review Service
Frank O'Neill, *Cleveland News*
Orville Prescott, *New York Times*
J. F. Rothermel, *Birmingham News*
John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
Thomas B. Sherman, *St. Louis Post Dispatch*
Paul Jordon Smith, *Los Angeles Times*
Robert I. Snajdr, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
Lon Tinkle, *Dallas News*
John Cook Wyllie, *Richmond News Leader*
Frederick Yeiser, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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"In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer." *(U. S. Government Printing Office) Reston.*

"Jesus and His Times." *By Daniel Rops. (Dutton) Hass.*

"Melbourne." *By Lord David Cecil. (Bobbs-Merrill) Prescott.*

"Men, Women, and Pianos." *By Arthur Loesser. (Simon & Schuster) Barzun.*

"My Several Worlds." *By Pearl Buck. (John Day) Rothermel.*

"The Reason Why." *By Cecil Woodham-Smith. (McGraw-Hill) Jackson.*

"The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill." *By Hermann Hagedorn. (Macmillan) Cady.*

"The Second Tree from the Corner." *By E. B. White. (Harper) Cross, Wyllie.*

"Seduction of the Innocent." *By Frederic Wertham (Rinehart) Bradley.*

"A Study of History." *Vols. VII-X. By Arnold J. Toynbee. (Oxford University Press) Dolbier, Tinkle, Yeiser.*

"Sunset and Evening Star." *By Sean O'Casey. (Macmillan) Thomas B. Sherman.*

"The Taft Story." *By William S. White. (Harper) Lubell.*

"Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era: 1910-1917." *By Arthur S. Link. (Harper) Hicks.*

POETRY

"An Armada of Thirty Whales." *By Daniel G. Hoffman. (Yale University Press) Rodman.*

"Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens." *By Wallace Stevens. (Alfred A. Knopf) Bradley, Cross, Hass, Jackson, Morrissey, North, Scott, Untermeyer.*

"The Confidential Clerk." *By T. S. Eliot. (Harcourt, Brace) Wyllie.*

"The Desert Music and Other Poems." *By William Carlos Williams. (Random House) Rothermel.*

"The Fables of La Fontaine." *Translated by Marianne Moore. (Viking Press) Flowers, Hormel.*

"The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley." *By Phyllis McGinley. (Viking Press) Bond, Cady, Herzberg, O'Neil, Prescott, John K. Sherman.*

"Poems 1923-1954." *By E. E. Cummings. (Harcourt, Brace) Barkham, Dolbier, Little, McAlister, Scott, Tinkle, Williams, Yeiser.*

"Poems: A Selection." *By Leonie Adams. (Funk & Wagnalls) Thomas B. Sherman.*

"Selected Poems of Marya Zaturenska." *(Grove Press) Gregory.*

"Under Milk Wood." *By Dylan Thomas. (New Directions) Kogan.*

"Collected Poems." *By James Stephens. (Macmillan) Snajdr.*

FICTION

"An Act of Love." *By Ira Wolfert. (Simon & Schuster) Geismar.*

"The Dollmaker." *By Harriette Arnow. (Macmillan) Babcock, Bradley, Cross, Hass, Havighurst, Hormel, Jackson, Morrissey, North, Smith.*

"A Fable." *By William Faulkner. (Random House) Cowley, Mizener, Thomas B. Sherman, Tinkle.*

"The Fall of a Titan." *By Igor Gouzenko. Translated by Merwyn Black. (W. W. Norton) Flowers.*

"Hadrian's Memoirs." *By Marguerite Yourcenar. Translated by Grace Frick. (Farrar, Straus & Young) Highet.*

"Jonathan Blair." *By William Donohue Ellis. (World Publishing Co.) Snajdr.*

"Lord Grizzly." *By F. F. Manfred. (McGraw-Hill) John K. Sherman.*

"No Time for Sergeants." *By Mac Hyman. (Random House) McAlister.*

"Not As a Stranger." *By Morton Thompson. (Scribner's) Cady, Herzberg.*

"Rainbow on the Road." *By Esther Forbes. (Houghton Mifflin) Dolbier.*

"The Ramayana." *As retold by Aubrey Menen. (Scribner's) Kogan.*

"Sweet Thursday." *By John Steinbeck. (Viking Press) Wyllie.*

"The View from Pompey's Head." *By Hamilton Basso. (Doubleday) Barkham, Bond, Little, McManis, O'Neill, Prescott.*

"Young Men Waiting." *By Chapman Mortimer. (Grove Press) Yeiser.*

The Specialists who nominated books in the general fields are:

Marston Bates, *Professor of Zoology, University of Michigan.*

Jacques Barzun, *author of "God's Country and Mine."*

Bruce Catton, *author of "A Stillness at Appomattox."*

Gordon K. Chalmers, *president of Kenyon College.*

William O. Douglas, *Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.*

John D. Hicks, *Morison professor of history at the University of California.*

Samuel Lubell, *political writer, author of "The Future of American Politics."*

James Reston, *chief of Washington Bureau,* The New York Times.

Harry L. Shapiro, *chairman of department of anthropology, American Museum of Natural History.*

The Specialists who nominated books in fiction are:

Malcolm Cowley, *literary critic.*

Maxwell Geismar, *critic and author of "Rebels and Ancestors."*

Walter Havighurst, *professor of English at Miami University, Ohio.*

Gilbert Highet, *professor of Classics at Columbia University, conductor of the radio program, "People, Places and Books."*

Arthur Mizener, *author of "The Far Side of Paradise."*

The Specialists who nominated books of verse are:

Horace Gregory, *lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College and author of several volumes of verse.*

Selden Rodman, *poet and anthologist.*

W. T. Scott, *former book-review editor of the* Providence Journal *and author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

Louis Untermeyer, *editor and author of many volumes of verse.*

William Carlos Williams, *author and winner of the National Book Award for Poetry, 1949.*

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A Year of Crime

This week Sergeant Cuff, who presides at SR*'s homicide desk throughout the year, falls into step with the spirit of the season by drawing up his list of the "best of the year." Any of the twenty-seven titles he mentions, incidentally, would make a highly acceptable last-minute Christmas gift for detective-story* aficionados *on your list.*

By Sergeant Cuff

DURING 1954 the mystery novel has continued to roll merrily along. Merrily is the right word, for the mystery story in recent years has taken on a considerable addendum of humor. Some of our gayest books, these days, are murder yarns. In a world where there is little enough to laugh at this is all to the good, even if it does involve a corpse or two.

Less merry is the upward swing in retail prices. Two years ago, even a year ago, $2.50 was the standard, the well-nigh universal figure for a mystery. The $2.50 mystery hasn't completely disappeared, but it seems to be definitely on the way out, and $2.75 is certainly the standard today. At that, mysteries cost less than straight novels. For some reason, a publisher will price a hundred-thousand-word mystery at $2.75 and a hundred-thousand-word straight novel at $3.50. Presumably he figures that the regular-novel reader is in a higher tax bracket than the mystery-novel reader, and that may be so or may not be. Anyway, the breaks are still in favor of the mystery reader.

The writing level of mysteries continues to average out high. Bad mysteries still manage to get published, but so do bad biographies. The brightest spot in the mystery picture is the consistently good performances of most newcomers to the field. They aren't all wonder boys (or girls), but for the most part they turn in workmanlike, effective, occasionally brilliant jobs. They must lead the right kind of lives; they have certainly been reading the right kind of books.

Most annoying of practitioners continues to be the chap who is trying to be different. None of the old-line junk for him—he must go haring off on his own, trailing clouds of bright ideas which are likely to tarnish quickly. This is not to say that every mystery should follow the orthodox patterns and techniques laid down by Poe, Gaboriau, and Canon Doyle (does anybody read Gaboriau these days?) It *is* to say that the novelty mystery novelist carries the burden of proof on his own back; it is he, and not his Number One suspect, who is on trial.

Some time ago this desk asserted, and showed some concern in venturing the assertion, that the detective story was disappearing, and it pontificated further: "The detective story is disappearing because the detective is disappearing." That trend has been retarded, as politician economists, who are not to be confused with political economists, say when they try to explain that unemployment hasn't increased as much this month as it did last month. It has not yet been reversed. But the straight-out detective story, as distinguished from the suspense job, the toughie, the thriller, the chiller, and all the other variants, seems to be in a fair way to holding its own.

Below is a recap of some of the year's mystery titles that have given this reader temporary surcease from care. They are by no means the only mystery titles to have produced this beneficent effect, and the omission of a specific title should not be taken as implying that title's consignment to outer darkness—this desk stands by the verdicts it has rendered in THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

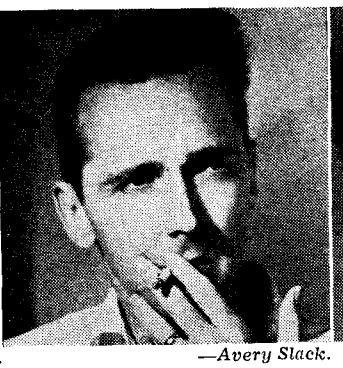
Crime is spreading throughout the United States, and devotees of the mystery novel should give three rousing cheers on that account. A few years ago a heavy proportion of fictional homicides was committed in New York or its suburbs, and the metropolitan area was thronged with public and private eyes stumbling over cadavers and each other.

ALL isn't exactly changed today, but it's changing. Hilary Waugh's **"A Rag and a Bone"** (Crime Club, $2.75), a nice bit of straightforward cop-work, is laid in Connecticut (meaning not suburban Connecticut but industrial Connecticut). Ellery Queen's **"The Glass Village"** (Little, Brown, $3.50), a brainy murder story with potent symbolic overtones, is also laid in Connecticut (meaning not suburban Connecticut but rural Connecticut). Ben Benson, a two-a-year man whose 1954 offerings have been **"The Girl in the Cage"** and **"The Burning Fuse"** (Mill-Morrow, $2.75 each), hands all his problems over to the Massachusetts State Police, who not only do a nice job but are nice people. An unidentified industrial area in the mid-South is the scene of Robert Martin's **"The Widow and the Web"** (Dodd, Mead, $2.75), which involves an interesting problem that starts out as an ordinary workmen's compensation case. Brandon Bird's **"Hawk Watch"** (Dodd, Mead, $2.75), which has some fascinating ornithology along with murder, takes the reader to the West Virginia mountains. Helen Nielson's **"The Woman on the Roof"** (Ives Washburn, $2.50) has the most credible Los Angelesians that have been put between covers in quite a while. Maryland is the setting of Nancy Woollcott's **"The Ghostly Trio"** (Coward-McCann, $2.50), a charming children's crusade for grownups which touches the edge of crime and thereby just manages to get into this summary, and high welcome to it. Joseph Hayes's **"The Desperate Hours"** (Ran-

Bechofer Roberts.

—Chris Alexander.

Georges Simenon.



—Avery Slack.

Joseph Hayes.

—Angus McBean.

Josephine Tey.

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dom House, $3.50) is a hold-onto-your-chair account of escaped hoods who take over an Indianapolis house and household. Richard Powell's **"Say It with Bullets"** (Simon & Schuster, $2.50) is packaged into a transcontinental bus and inevitably covers a lot of territory, and no slow-motion. And although Rex Stout's **"The Black Mountain"** (Viking, $2.75) indubitably opens in Manhattan, a miracle occurs and the immobile Nero Wolfe is whisked off to Montenegro, if you can imagine that.

The British continue prolific. Among their generally-above-average output during 1954 this desk enjoyed Carol Carnac's **"A Policeman Is at the Door"** (Crime Club, $2.75), Anthony Garve's **"The Cuckoo Line Affair"** (Harpers, $2.50), and Guy Cullingford's **"Conjuror's Coffin"** (Lippincott, $2.50).

Three of the year's pleasantest crime confections have their settings in Scotland. Peter Piper's **"The Corpse That Came Back"** (Random House, $2.75) is a first-rate job—if you've never been to Edinburgh you'll enjoy the tour; if you've been to Edinburgh you'll enjoy the revisit. Herein a Scotland Yard biggie, northing to listen to the music festival, has his holiday go busman on him. A famous Glasgow true-case of Victorian days is transferred (with some alterations) to Edinburgh to provide the basis for George Goodchild's and Bechofer Roberts's **"The Dear Old Gentleman"** (Macmillan, $2.75), first published overseas in 1930 and making its American debut, for ununderstandable reasons, twenty-four years later. The scene of David Howarth's **"Thieves' Hole"** (Rinehart, $3) is the Scottish coast, far from Glasgow and Edinburgh, but a crime's a crime for a' that.

EMILE GABORIAU was mentioned a while back. Your alert correspondent, who read Gaboriau greedily many years since, has just looked him up and is shocked to learn that Gaboriau died in 1873 at the age of thirty-eight; considering the fact that he did not

(*Continued on page* 31)

Rex Stout. **Fred Cherrill.**

ASIA

Why We Failed in the East

"Fifty Years in China," by John Leighton Stuart *(Random House. 346 pp. $5), is the memoir of a distinguished American missionary and diplomat, the founder of Yenching University. Harold H. Fisher, our reviewer, is chairman of the Hoover Institute at Stanford University.*

By Harold H. Fisher

WHO should be better able to tell us why things turned out so badly in China and what to do next than a man who was born and spent fifty years there, gained great knowledge of the people and their problems, was the teacher, friend, or acquaintance of many of the present leaders, followed first hand, as a missionary educator, the course of events of the last half century and as a diplomat played an important part in some of these events? Surely a man of high integrity and fine intelligence should be able to tell us what we did wrong. Dr. John Leighton Stuart tells us, in effect, through his memoirs, "Fifty Years in China," that we should have intervened more thoroughly or not at all, and he advises us to keep on doing about what we are doing now.

Dr. Stuart's account seems to confirm the belief that the non-Communists—Chinese, American, and others—failed to save China from the Communists first because of deterioration in the leadership of the Kuomintang; secondly because of the failure of U. S. policies, particularly the attempt to end the civil war and establish national unity by a coalition of Nationalist, Communist, and other parties; and thirdly because after this failure the United States did not intervene on a scale big enough to check and overcome the rising Communist power.

When Dr. Stuart returned to China in April 1946 he found things going worse for the Nationalists than he had gathered from the American press. Chiang Kai-shek asked for suggestions and his old American friend gave the Generalissimo some excellent advice that might have saved China if it had been followed. Dr. Stuart urged his friend to "lead a new revolutionary movement for internal reforms with something of the adventurous enthusiasm with which he had originally joined the Kuomintang under Sun Yat-sen. . . ." Chiang could rally the disillusioned and discontented students, win back public confidence, and become again the symbol of the national will. This, said Dr. Stuart, was the only way to overcome the Communist menace. Moreover, this would mean carrying into effect the third of Dr. Sun's three principles: The People's Livelihood. To this sound suggestion the Generalissimo seemed to agree, but, says Dr. Stuart, it was one thing to get Chiang to assent and quite another "to stir his will to resolute action."

The inability of the Generalissimo to take resolute action was a reflection of the decay in the leadership on Sun Yat-sen's national revolution as a result of the long series of military struggles first against the imperial dynasty, then against the war lords, the Japanese, and finally the Communists. These struggles revived many "age-long failings of Chinese officialdom"—graft, favoritism, face-saving in place of country-saving, bureaucratic red tape and incompetence, disregard for the welfare of the soldiers and the people. The Nationalists depended too heavily on giving the troops modern foreign equipment and too little on giving them an idea as to "why or whom they were fighting." The American aid, Dr. Stuart believes, "had the unforseen effect of sapping Chinese initiative and ingenuity and of causing them to depend too much on mechanical devices which . . . they lacked the experience to use wisely and on money which again they had learned to look for from us."

Dr. Stuart recognizes, of course, that the attempt of General Marshall and himself to bring about a peaceful, united, and progressive China through a coalition of parties and the abolition of private armies was a failure but he insists that it was right to try and that it might have succeeded. Needless to say, he does not suggest that this unsuccessful attempt was inspired by traitors in Washington. The great mistake of American policy was that after the failure of the Marshall mission we did not give enough aid to the Nationalists "together with the requisite advice and controls to enable it to defeat the Communists." He does not indicate the extent of the aid and controls re-

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quired nor does he speculate on two problems, which history shows are always raised by intervention on a scale big enough to ensure victory: (1) has not foreign intervention (as in France in the eighteenth century and in Russia and Turkey in the twentieth) always enabled the revolutionary forces to increase their strength by arousing national feeling against the foreign interventionists; and (2) have not the intervening countries sooner or later balked at paying the costs of intervention on a scale large enough to defeat the combined forces of revolution and nationalism that must be beaten down?

As for present policy Dr. Stuart does not propose invading the China mainland or intimidating our allies who differ with us about recognition and trade, to which, however, he is opposed. He thinks trade and recognition would strengthen the voices of Communism in the U.N. and discourage the opponents of Communism in Asia. He notes that only some twenty-five countries have transferred their recognition from the National Government to the Communist, but he does not note that among those who have transferred are several of China's most influential neighbors. That is to say that a great many Asians opposed to Communism do not appear to believe that refusal to trade with or recognize China is the best way to fight the Communists. The outrageous and illegal international behavior of the Chinese Communists in respect to war prisoners and other matters is sufficient reason for withholding recognition and admission, and such reasons are convincing to Asians.

John Leighton Stuart will be remembered in Chinese-American relations not as a diplomat but as the builder of Yenching University and one of the most distinguished and respected of a long line of missionary educators whose influence will endure in spite of the current wave of appeals to class and national fears and hatreds.

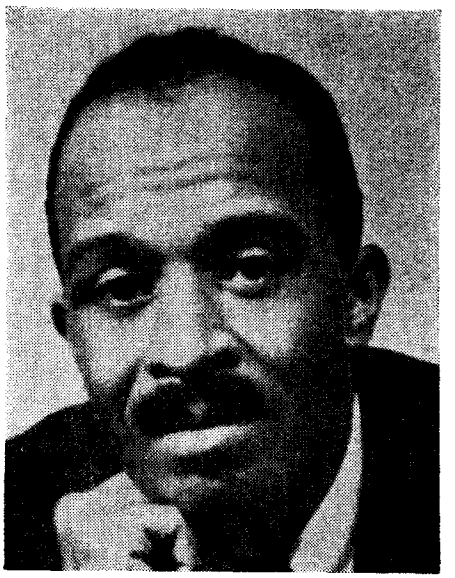
LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Blue. "The Cloud," by Percy Bysshe Shelley. 2. White. "The Passing of Arthur," by Alfred Tennyson. 3. Red. "Love Will Find Out the Way," by Alfred Noyes. 4. Blue. "After," by Ralph Hodgson. 5. Red. "Brahma," by Ralph Waldo Emerson. 6. Blue. "Here's a Health to Them that's Awa'," by Robert Burns. 7. Blue. "Blue Roses," by Rudyard Kipling. 8. Blue. "A House," by J. C. Squire. 9. White. "The Great Lover," by Rupert Brooke. 10. Red. "The Battle of Naseby," by Thomas Babington Macaulay.

New Truth in a New Nation

"An American in India," by Saunders Redding *(Bobbs-Merrill. 277 pp. $3.50), is a report by a leading American Negro writer of what he observed in a troubled new nation. Here it is reviewed by Ralph McGill, editor of the* Atlanta Constitution.

By Ralph McGill



Saunders Redding—"a new truth."

SAUNDERS REDDING, distinguished teacher and writer, has written a book out of a disturbing experience in India, courageously and intelligently endured, which frightens as it inspires. It is inspiring in that it is one of those rare human documents in which a man learns something new about himself and rationalizes it to find strength and a new truth.

The book is "An American in India." It begins almost serenely. A calm and detached man, to whom the final result of his American experience had been "to force me to depersonalize myself," set out for India under State Department auspices to tell "the clinical truth" about his country. He found in India that Communist propaganda had gone a long way toward equating "Western" with "white." This, plus the sensitive nationalism of the Indians produced a color consciousness perhaps as intense as that in South Africa and in its overall aspects more disturbing even than that in the United States. At the outset of his journey Mr. Redding was made aware of this fact by a sign in his first Indian hotel which read "No White South Africans Allowed" and by meeting in his first social group a beautiful, cultured, and intelligent young Indian woman who had never married because she was "too dark." From these beginnings the experiences were more complex, more shocking.

Mr. Redding produces new and irrefutable evidence of a fact which too many Americans, especially too many Southern political leaders, do not comprehend—namely, that "colonialism" in Asia and the Orient is a revolt of colored peoples demanding status and that the problem of race in the United States is on the same umbilical cord of the birth of this revolution.

It was a path constantly beset by harassment which Mr. Redding faithfully followed up and down India, insulted and bedeviled by the dialectics and rudeness of the Communists, and frustrated by the sensitiveness of those Indians who retreat from what is pragmatic in their problem into an escapist shell of Hindu philosophy.

Out of wartime and postwar visits, all too brief, to India's villages I found her urban intellectuals readily approving a conclusion that the Indian peasants, or villagers, were magnificent people, kindly and good. But they were immediately hostile if one talked of their backwardness, and the primitive status of their economy; the barrenness of their lives (theirs, through no fault of their own), and what could be done about it. Their sensitiveness and their pride in the new nationalism may easily be understood. But it also must be faced.

HIS conclusions seem to me, on the basis of my own inadequate visits to India, entirely valid. There is a hard core of Communism in India. And it is harbored by the intellectual segment of the nation—professors, writers, journalists, politicians, and students "who will soon be professors." It was chiefly for this reason, it appeared to me, that if Nehru should die or be assassinated India would find the problem of replacing him and maintaining his policy an impossible task. Communist power, supported by so many of the intellectual class, would be strong enough to make it so.

Communist propaganda has, as Mr.

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Redding says, persuaded India that America is imperialistic; that Point Four and various other American organizations, the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations and the Fulbright Student Exchange Program, are tools of a giant imperialistic conspiracy.

Mr. Redding offers a plan: to continue to bombard them with truth and with sincere visitors and friends. He proposes a concentration on two groups, the professional groups, who should be sought out and helped in a spirit of complete equality and friendship, and the indecisive masses, who should be shown more films, magazines, books, "and the like." The Communists have done this while we have provided Mickey Spillane. The short-sighted "penny-wise, pound-foolish" attitude of our Congress on appropriations and the poor planning of American countermeasures are starkly illustrated by this book.

It is a good book, of a man of courage and democratic spirit. It merits wide reading. That the author should have found it necessary to send out, after the early reviews, a statement clarifying what should have been plain from the reading of his book—namely, that while former Ambassador Bowles wanted a neutral India, he did not endorse the Indian theory of "neutralism"—is a significant illustration of how difficult it is to present the complex story of that country's political dialectics and problems. I hope there is some way to have it reach India's intellectuals and professional and college-educated men and women.

Agents of the Raj

"The Men Who Ruled India: The Guardians," by Philip Woodruff *(St. Martin's Press. 385 pp. $5), the second half of a two-volume history of the British in India, carries the story from 1858 to 1947. Here it is reviewed by Professor William B. Willcox of the University of Michigan, author of "Star of Empire: A History of Britain As a World Empire."*

By William B. Willcox

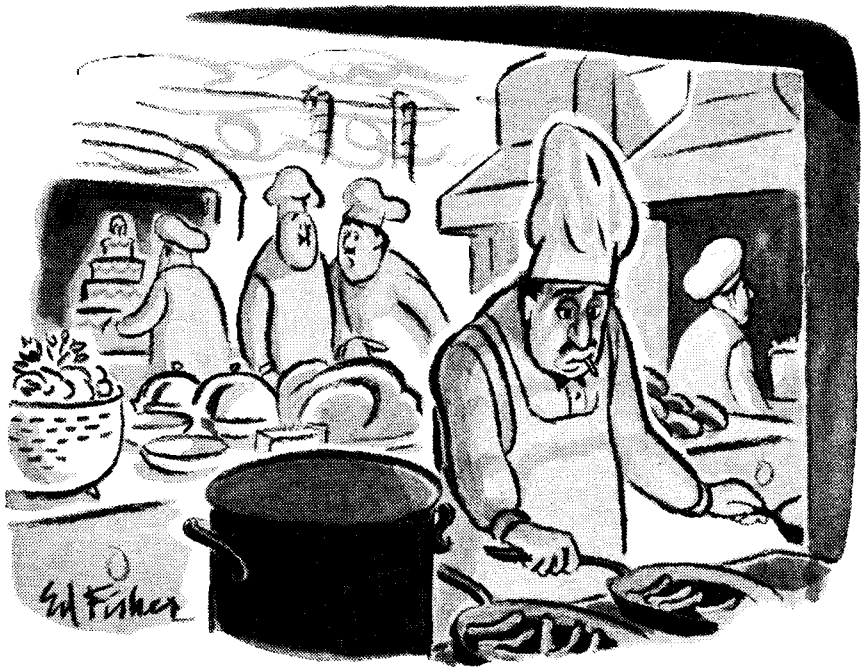
THE SECOND volume of "The Men Who Ruled India" is as absorbing as the first. The technique is much the same: people are in the foreground, institutions and abstract forces in the background, so that the British Raj is seen through the men who administered it. The emphasis, even more than in the first volume, "The Founders," is upon the local administrators. Although viceroys appear from time to time, only one emerges as a person—Lord Curzon, the most enigmatic and greatest of those benevolent despots. The author's heart is not with them, let alone with the bureaucracy in Simla, but with the district officer. One reason is that Philip Mason (who writes under the pen name of Woodruff) began his own career as a district officer. Another reason is that the increasing rigidity of the central Government was redeemed in his opinion, primarily by the humor and warmheartedness of its local agents. "As the system grew stiffer character became more and more what saved it, the character of individual district officers . . . who did not always pay attention to Government orders."

In the first two hundred pages Mr. Mason deals with the system at work, from the extinction of Company rule in 1858 through the climax of the old order in the Durbar of 1902. His success in holding the reader's interest is a major achievement; this was not a period of dramatic events or great proconsuls. He succeeds partly because of his craftsmanship, partly because of his thesis. He chooses his people well, and has a sure hand in bringing them to life; what they say, also, is worth listening to. "Charles Hobart . . . was often in trouble but received a CIE when at last he retired; the letters, he remarked thoughtfully, must stand for: 'Charles's Indiscretions Excused'." Another man defined his self-assurance, in a phrase that speaks volumes, as "the calm confidence which arises from experience and leads to success."

MR. MASON'S thesis is that the administrative system in this period was much too logical to be English, and was in fact derived largely, if unconsciously, from the system of Plato. The Platonic ideal was a state held together and immobilized by caste and governed by an aloof aristocracy; in the nineteenth century India provided the caste and Britain the aristocracy. But the combination had in it from the beginning, he argues, a fundamental contradiction. Because the British themselves detested authoritarian rule, they could not in good conscience plan to impose it on others as a permanent regime; as early as the 1830s, therefore, they had decided that India would eventually grow into freedom. "But having taken that decision on the conscious level nearly everyone, in India and England, for another century went on denying it in practice." This was the paradox of the Guardians' position.

The second part of the volume

(*Continued on page* 28)



"Sometimes these strange, brooding spells of self-doubt and artistic reorientation will go on for days—during which he can cook nothing but frankfurters!"

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Saint of Rationalism

"The Life of John Stuart Mill," by Michael St. John Packe *(Macmillan. 567 pp. $6.50), is the first full-scale biography of the great nineteenth-century English philosopher and economist. Professor Gordon N. Ray of the University of Illinois, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray."*

By Gordon N. Ray

MICHAEL ST. JOHN PACKE'S is the first full-scale biography of John Stuart Mill. Before its appearance most readers had relied largely on Mill's "Autobiography" for information about him. Though this work will always remain one of the great Victorian classics, Mr. Packe shows that it gives not only an incomplete but also in some respects a misleading account of its author's character and career. By distilling all available printed and manuscript sources, Mr. Packe has been enabled to present Mill's history with remarkable comprehensiveness and lucidity; and in the process he has written an absorbing book.

Many readers will be interested above all in the interpretation which Mr. Packe places on the documents published three years ago by Professor F. A. Hayek in "John Stuart Mill" and "Harriet Taylor." Mill first met Mrs. Taylor in 1830, when he was twenty-four and she twenty-two. Though she had been married for four years to the prosperous and amiable wholesale druggist John Taylor, to whom she had borne two children, she discovered in Mill a spiritual mate whose companionship was indispensable to her. And friendship with Mrs. Taylor revealed to Mill, the emotional aridity of whose early life is forcefully brought home in his "Autobiography," a happiness that he had not previously thought possible. Mrs. Taylor determined to go on living with her husband, the while maintaining a blameless intellectual intimacy with Mill; and this precarious relationship persisted until Taylor's death nineteen years later. Mrs. Taylor and Mill married in 1851; and after her death in 1858, her daughter was his constant companion during the remainder of his life.

That Mrs. Taylor humanly meant everything to Mill is unquestionable, but when Mr. Packe goes on to urge that the works of Mill's maturity, except for his "System of Logic," were the result of a collaboration in which she was the "dominant genius" he invites disagreement. Mill himself was persuaded that in mental stature Mrs. Taylor surpassed himself, Carlyle, and Shelley; but no contemporary outside her own family entertained this view of her powers, and the little writing that she did without Mill's aid is unimpressive.

To read Mr. Packe's book after Professor Gordon Haight's admirable "George Eliot Letters," however, is to become aware of the fascinating parallels between Mill's relationship with Mrs. Taylor and George Eliot's liaison with George Henry Lewes. The lot of advanced thinkers, "friends of the species" as Carlyle disdainfully called them, was a difficult one in the Victorian age, particularly if their domestic arrangements left them open to criticism. The pressure of society towards conformity with accepted usages, though not irresistible, exacted a heavy penalty from persistent rebels. Out of George Eliot's long experience of slander and ostracism came many of the finest episodes and portraits of her fiction. Out of the tensions of Mill's protracted ordeal came the eloquent pages of "On Liberty," which has been ever since, as Mill intended, "a sort of mental pemican" on which nonconformists in life and thought "may nourish themselves and then dilute for other people."

For the rest, Mr. Packe's biography provides a summary of Mill's intellectual progress which usefully supplements that in the "Autobiography." His successive enlightenment by his father, Bentham, Coleridge, De Tocqueville, and Comte is neatly set forth. Only to Carlyle, to whom Mill himself was fair enough in the "Autobiography," does Mr. Packe fail to do justice. The grotesque caricature of Carlyle's character, thought, and activities that he offers is perhaps to be explained as the result of anger at Carlyle's wanton denigration of Mill in later years. Certainly one understands how this "saint of rationalism," as he stands revealed in Mr. Packe's book, should have inspired such loyalty. "Respect for Mill," John Morley once remarked, "is part of one's own self-respect."

Walter Savage Landor—"the unsubduable."

Heroic Grotesque

"Walter Savage Landor: A Biography," by R. H. Super *(New York University Press. 654 pp. $7.50), is a scholarly study of a fascinatingly complex early nineteenth-century English poet. Our reviewer is Edgar Johnson, chairman of the English department of the City College of New York, author of "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph" and other biographies.*

By Edgar Johnson

FEW figures in literature are more consistent, picturesque, ludicrous, and heroic than Walter Savage Landor. Half classical Roman, half wild romantic, he rushes furiously in his daily existence from grotesque tantrum to melting tenderness: a paradox of gentle ferocity, kind and cantankerous, loving and obstreperous. Only in his art could he discipline passion to control. The marble vigor of his "Imaginary Conversations" and the perfection of lyrics like "Rose Aylmer" and the "Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher" maintain a controlled emotion both serene and immeasurably moving. But these were created out of the turbulence that makes his life a storm of ninety years.

A rough-haired boy of seven, he shocked one prim little girl visitor by bidding his mother hold her tongue; he told an old lady, a guest of his father, that she was a damned fool. At Rugby he made the best Latin verses in the school, but was expelled for insolence. At Oxford the learned Dr. Parr praised his Greek scholarship, but in his enthusiasm for the French Revolution he wore his

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hair unpowdered and became notorious as a mad Jacobin. And, although by his seventies he was calling himself a conservative, his conservatism even then was of a radical cast that vociferously defended tyrannicide.

Maturity did not bridle his intemperance; all those who angered him were the worst villains, ruffians, or scoundrels he had ever met. In middle age he was capable of flinging into the fire all of an ill-cooked dinner, while his children looked on hungry and terrified. There is even a famous story of his throwing the cook through the second-story window of his Florentine villa, and, while the man writhed with a broken leg, exclaiming remorsefully, "Good God! I forgot the violets."

But he was as gentle, loving, and generous as he was irritable. With all children, even late in life, he was an unteasable, tireless, and delightful playmate. His tiny dog Pomero was allowed every conceivable liberty even to sitting on his master's bald head. Landor's good-humored laughter was constant and thunderous: whenever he became aware that his friends found his heresies absurd it would peal forth, climbing higher and higher.

To ladies he developed a deferential old-world courtesy that was the height of chivalry. Once he traveled from Bristol to Bath to obtain a moss-rose for a girl who desired one for a ball. He could not be prevented from surrendering every penny he had to aid any person or cause that aroused his sympathy; in his impoverished old age he was always giving away his books and the Renaissance paintings that still crowded his two small rooms. His friends were devoted to him, from Southey, in his youth, to Browning, who took care of him in his enfeebled last years. "I would gladly walk fourscore miles to see him," Southey exclaimed; and even when decay had clouded his brain, just before he died, his wife heard him repeating softly, "Landor, ay, Landor."

SUCH is the man whose life R. H. Super has written. As an achievement of biographical scholarship, his work takes high rank. While he pays courteous respects to Malcolm Elwin, his most recent predecessor among Landor's biographers, and makes full use of the work of Wheeler, Minchin, and many others, he has gone far beyond them in tracking down manuscript sources and out-of-the-way material everywhere. He corrects Forster's carelessness and cavalier manipulations of documents, unobtrusively redresses the distortions produced by his dislikes and his vanity, and painstakingly rights his errors in chronology.

With all this it may sound a little ungrateful to say that his work has more knowledge than art. Its style is pedestrian, its details are sometimes hard to date without referring to the notes, its use of quoted descriptive material often too protracted and insufficiently assimilated into the narrative. One obtains no vivid sense of what Landor's friends and associates were like. Landor himself emerges, on the other hand, "like forty lions in one Poet"; the copious quotations from his own utterances are so flavorously characteristic that he portrays himself.

And what a vital series of portraits these are, from the violent boy to the

(*Continued on page 29*)

"Cocktails, Anyone?"

"**Should You Drink . . .**" by Charles H. Durfee (Macmillan, $2.49), bears an unfinished title which is apparently intended to carry its readers right into the book. Once there, its contents are far from disappointing. For Dr. Durfee—he is a doctor of philosophy, not of medicine—has done a gruesome and thorough job of charting the signposts of all the stages of alcoholism. "Anybody who drinks at all can develop a drink problem," he says. Here are a few of his interesting observations:

• • "It has been estimated that there are over sixty million consumers of alcoholic beverages in the United States and that about four million of these are what the medical profession terms alcoholics. Of recent years alcoholism has risen to become our fourth national health problem."

• • "A man leaves his office tired after a heavy day's work and stops at a convenient place for a quick one on the way uptown, knowing that he has a cocktail party awaiting him at home or that he is to meet his wife at one. This may be occasionally understandable after a tough business day when some sort of transition is needed before facing frivolity, but the trouble is that, with the potential problem drinker, sooner or later all business days become tough ones and all cocktail parties frivolous."

• • "An unwillingness to attend charity meetings, dinners, church suppers, in fact any function where he suspects liquor will not be served, may not be a positive indication that the drinker is a problem drinker, but it shows an abnormal fear of boredom in the absence of liquor, and that therefore liquor is acquiring a disproportionate value in his mind. This same kind of unwillingness is revealed in the sophisticate who cannot sit through a concert, a lecture, or a motion picture or play without a quick excursion toward a neon sign across the street during the intermission."

• • "An unwillingness to talk about his liquor problem is an indication that a person has entered the basic phase of problem drinking. This reticence is largely a result of feelings of guilt, conscious or unconscious."

• • A drink before noon is "considered by most psychologists to be the unmistakable dividing line between compulsive drinking and normal drinking."

• • "Symptoms of the critical stage: fights, arrests, quitting jobs without reason; violent resentments in family life and concurrent neglect of family life with the desire to escape from it; deepening self-pity and oscillating periods of remorse and defiance."

• • "The problem drinker is still capable of undergoing surprising periods of voluntary abstinence, even though he maintains no control whatever of his intake when drinking. . . ." But, alas for the problem drinker who has reached the realms of addiction, to go on the wagon will bring few, if any . . . rewards. On the contrary, he may feel wretched, both mentally and physically. . . ."

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—From "American Prize Prints of the 20th Century."

". . . the American farmer is the rest of us, farming."

Child of the Earth

"American Farm Life," by Lowry Nelson *(Harvard University Press. 185 pp. $3.75), is a discussion of how the Farmer is the same, yet different from, the rest of us. Russell Lord, editor of* The Land, *reviews it below.*

By Russell Lord

"A DUNGHILL king, . . . a peasant who sleeps in his undershirt . . . No more grasping, selfish, and dishonest mammal is known to students of the Anthropoidea. When the going is good for him he robs the rest of us to the extreme limit of our endurance; when the going is bad he comes bawling for help out of the public till . . ."

Thus H.L. Mencken in the 1920s. An extension field hand for the Ohio State University at the time, I remember reading his robust diatribe on "The Husbandman" to a gathering of hill farmers in a shabby gray schoolhouse high on the Allegheny ridges up from Marietta. They nearly fell off the benches laughing. "By George!" said one, "Ye've got 'em like that, right here in this township." So they had. For the American Farmer is the rest of us, farming; and in the accelerating spectacle of our Rurban Transformation the identity of rural and urban motives and behavior across the whole sweep of America becomes more manifest day by day. To quote from Lowry Nelson's new book, "American Farm Life."

The "new" farmer has not suddenly sprouted wings. He is still a child of the earth, a human being. He has his full allotment of the weakness of the flesh. He may at times manifest an excessive measure of greed, just like other human beings. He may at times support causes which to others contravene the tenets of the democratic faith, just as his fellows do . . . But a much wiser and abler generation of farmers has been in the making for a long time . . .

A sociologist who does not write like a sociologist, but simply as another human being, Lowry Nelson grew up and did his first work in Utah, where farm, village, and city occupations have long been consciously integrated, by plan of the Mormon founders. Wider experiences, ranging from social explorations in the Caribbean and in various other areas for the International Labor Office to his present post at the University of Minnesota, enter into and enliven his quick, objective study of agrarian change.

The romantic Jeffersonian concept of independent farmers went out with oxen. Since then every farmer must adapt his methods to reach the ultimate consumer through a lengthening chain of middle men. Nowadays: "Let labor fail to make a machine or to produce the power and oil to power it, and the farmer is a very helpless person."

CONCEDING that "averages often conceal more than they reveal," amid the infinite diversity of individuals marching toward rurbanism, Lowry Nelson handles figures and simple charts in ways that reveal swift current changes in the working setup of our land. Since 1920 the number of our "farmers," in census terms, has declined by more than a million. The larger "commercial" farm holdings have increased on the average from 148 to 215 acres each; and one-quarter of these top-sized farms now flood the market with more than three-quarters of all the produce sold. It is farming on this scale, in the main, that has advanced farm production *per worker* 75 per cent or more since 1930. But farming on such a scale is no longer a poor man's business or refuge from business. It costs a lot, from $25,000 to $75,000 for land and equipment—as much as it takes, or used to take, to start a country bank. Significantly, one in ten of all "commercial" operators reported a main occupation other than farmer; and less than half a great new influx of part-time minor operators and "residential farmers" are counting on farming alone to keep them fed and sheltered.

American "smallholders" (a British term) have increased in phenomenal number—68 per cent—since 1930. You can see their new places along our pikes and byroads. "Fringe farmers" is another name for them. "Sundown farmers" is still another. "Home acres" suggests the broader purpose and appeal. The total number of these recent newcomers to the suburban fringe and open country has been estimated by business concerns sensing a new market pattern to exceed twelve million. With most of farming America already, in effect, suburbanized, this vast new surge of former urbanites impenetrating the open spaces is an act of historic importance, a veritable "Resettlement," not at all as the early New Dealers planned it, but a dynamic, chaotic, further reshaping of our agrarian dream and design.

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Climate of the Few

"Minorities and the American Promise," by Stewart G. Cole and Mildred Wiese Cole *(Harper. 319 pp. $4.50), considers the problems of American minorities in the perspective of democratic philosophy, contrasting the reality with the promise. Edward N. Saveth, who reviews it here, is editor of the recently published anthology, "Understanding the American Past."*

By Edward N. Saveth

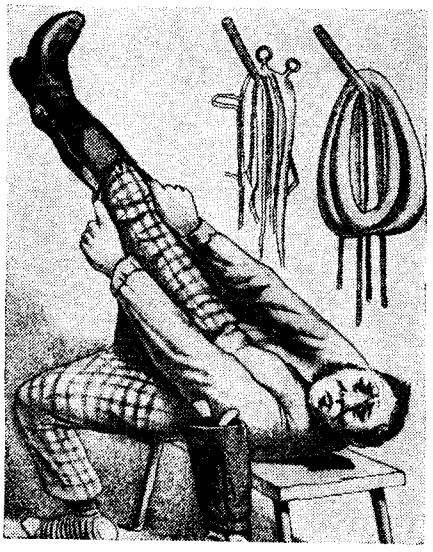
OF THE making of books about American minority peoples there has been, in recent years at least, almost no end. This is in marked contrast to the situation before the early 1930s, when the American peoples were rather neglected in our literature. The rise to power of the race-conscious Hitler regime in 1933 and the simultaneous growth of American social consciousness in the Depression decade shocked us into awareness of the potential for divisiveness inherent in our population heterogeneity. Accompanying the shocks of recognition of the problem was the tendency to make extreme analyses and arrive at extreme conclusions. The late Louis Adamic, for example, was inclined to write of the American people as if their plight was not unlike that of the nationalities that made up the pre-World-War-I Austro-Hungarian Empire. An avowed partisan of peoples of non-English ancestry in the American population, Adamic's blatant minority jingoism and filiopietism were as bad as the Anglo-Saxon chauvinism against which he directed his journalistic efforts.

By the 1940s the American peoples were receiving more mature consideration. With the war against Nazism stimulating scholarly interest in American race problems, historians, sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists laid down a literary barrage that withered ancient preconceptions and provided guides for action in the newly-developed field of human relations. Aided not a little by the burgeoning profession of the community-relations expert, these efforts helped alter the climate of American opinion about our minority peoples and are responsible largely for the great social gains these groups have scored in the last decade.

Stewart Cole, first executive director of the Bureau of Intercultural Education, and since 1949 education director of the Pacific Division of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, has made a major contribution on the educational level to making democracy work for all of the people. In this book Mr. Cole and Mildred W. Cole have presented the problems of American minorities in the perspective of democratic philosophy, contrasting the reality with the promise of the American creed. Summarizing a great deal of information about the American peoples and the forces making for cohesion as well as disruption in American life, the authors present an effective synthesis of material that the specialist will find available elsewhere in more detail. They have attempted to ground their presentation in sociological theory—an effort that sometimes falls short of success because of an excess of definition, an occasional lack of illustration, and some needlessly involved diagrams of sociological concepts. In addition, the book is almost entirely phenomenological in its approach, placing little or no emphasis upon the historic evolution

(*Continued on page* 27)

The general store stood in every village and at every crossroad.



Anyone could see he could not manage without Vacuum Harness Oil.

At first skeptical, the farmer soon found the telephone a boon.

As today, any colt was the darling of the farm.

BARNYARD NOSTALGIA: The solid citizens shown in pictures above were all farmers who lived around the turn of the last century. Now they all have new life in a big picture book that is just about as nostalgic as the general store and the wall telephone. The name of the book is **"Down on the Farm"** and it was compiled by Milton Rugoff with a running commentary by Stewart H. Holbrook (Crown Publishers, $5). The commentary at times hardly seems necessary: of the gentleman tugging at his boots Mr. Holbrook writes that the ad-man's humor was broad; of the lady and the colt he writes that a colt could win anybody's heart. In all Mr. Rugoff and Mr. Holbrook have managed to include and comment upon some 187 oversize pages of broad-backed barns, burlapped horses, covered bridges, little red schoolhouses (red paint lasted longer than white), barnyard baseball games, parasol-covered plows (which never became popular), and champion haystacks, all of which they manage to make seem very pleasant indeed.

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The Saturday Review

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Feminism in Reverse

WHAT more has the American woman to gain? She can enter any profession, including science, law, medicine, and surgery, and in war and in peace she is invaluable. Everyone who reads the women's magazines knows that wives spend from 80 to 85 per cent of all consumer dollars; that no one in his senses underestimates the power of a woman, and that young women should be given a liberal education to offset the increasing need for the technical and scientific education of young men. Nevertheless, the facts of life in the United States today are not as cheerful as they might appear on the surface. Whereas twenty or so years ago the students of our population growth assumed that it would soon reach its climax and start going downhill, we have proved them to be false prophets by producing an astonishing number of children year by year so that we have now about 165 million increasingly healthy people in the country, and the end is not in sight. This is, and should be, a cause for celebration by any sane and patriotic American, though every sudden change in human progress is balanced by disturbing and unexpected factors.

For example, it is a dismal fact that the male population gives up the ghost too many years before the female and with every passing year the imbalance in longevity between the sexes is increasing; so that the latest statistics on which life insurance is based are out of date by the time they are published. Due to the miracles of modern medical science our people are living longer; nevertheless, a woman at the age of fifty has a presumable life expectancy of nearly seventy-six, and her husband from four to five years less. It seems to be one of the immutable laws governing the marital habits of people that the average young man is several years older than the girl he marries. The reasons for this are so obvious that they do not have to be examined; but there is one factor that is new to this decade; the girls are marrying younger and the men somewhat older than in the immediate past. As the prosperity of the country increases so does the number of parents who can afford to send their children to universities, colleges, and technical schools. The young men know that their future and their ability to support a family will depend on a college degree. The young woman is often under no such pressure. Although her father may have invested in educational insurance she may lightly decide in her freshman or sophomore year to marry the first attractive senior or recent graduate she meets. Her father will get his money back; but in most cases his suffering and disappointment is acute, though his wife may appear to be only too delighted that their marriageable daughter is forever safe from wolves and other perils common to young ladies today.

The enormous and unexpected increase in the suburban population of the United States is another factor in the ultimate imbalance between the sexes. However delightful are these acres and square miles of utopian dwellings which surround every city in the country, it has been inevitable that they should reach further and further into the countryside. The physical and economic burdens on the shoulders of the husbands, young or middle-aged, increases year by year, and there seems to be no cure for them. The early morning drive to the railroad station, the hour or hours spent every working day on trains, buses, and subways, the months of rising and returning home in the dark take their toll of a man's strength and vitality. It can doubtless be proved that the steady increase in our population is partly due to suburban life, for the young women who go to the country often appear to be competing with their neighbors for the number of children they raise and educate so competently. It is one of their many recompenses for leaving the large cities with their wider opportunities for social and cultural life.

IT IS a depressing fact that far too many of these able and gifted suburban wives are destined to become widows and lonely women. If they marry, as so many of them do in their early twenties or late teens, their children may have left them for college, jobs, or marriage before they are fifty. The remaining twenty-five childless and husbandless years which they may be destined to live are not pleasant to contemplate, in spite of the fact that the women of the nation, through life insurance and bequests, are now presumed to own over three quarters of the wealth of the country.

There is a great deal of nonsense in Simone de Beauvoir's highly controversial book "The Second Sex," published two years ago, which seemed to be based principally on her dislike of her own sex; but there are occasional glimpses of an intelligent survey into the dilemma of women today. "The fact is," she writes, "that every human existence involves transcendence and immanence at the same time; to go forward each existence must be maintained, for it to expand toward the future it must integrate the past. For a man marriage permits a happy synthesis of the two. In his occupation and his political life he encounters change and progress, he senses his extension through time and the universe. Marriage is forced more tyrannically upon the young girl than upon the young man. She is led to prefer marriage to a career because of the economic advantages held by men. She tends to look for a husband who is above her in status or who she hopes will make a quicker or greater success than she could."

This is, fortunately, not quite the situation in America, but it may be true that while expanding too rapidly toward the future we have not integrated the present in abandoning the mores of the past. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITORIAL ON HEMINGWAY

MAXWELL GEISMAR'S EDITORIAL [*SR* Nov. 13] on Ernest Hemingway is a fine example of what makes literary criticism incomprehensible at times, absurd at times, often deplorable.

The art and use of the sweeping phrase and meaningless metaphor are demonstrated by Geismar with skill and fervor. An example is the sentence: "He is an unparalleled craftsman, in short, whose work has always moved along a narrow edge between art and absurdity." Now this sentence is certainly catchy; it has suspense. Geismar (if I may be permitted) is walking a tightrope over the "and what's more he never was" school of criticism, without the balancing wand of any remarks to the point. Now here's the real dilly! "He is essentially a poet, and . . ." What does that mean? What attributes are proper in the poet and improper in the novelist? Sensitivity? Imagination? Concentration on the most violent emotions? Nonsense. It is a simple fact, to be ascertained in any library, that Hemingway is "essentially" a prose writer of novels and short stories. In crying "He is essentially a poet" Geismar may be insinuating that Hemingway is too fine a talent to write mere novels, or that Hemingway is too stupid to know his true milieu.

Actually, from study of the entire essay, I sense (but only *sense*) that Geismar is telling us that the only true and good novel is the sociological study and that we can't accept Hemingway's work under that head, so we must cram it in somewhere else. If this is his opinion, why didn't he say so?

EMMETT B. MCGEEVER.

Chicago, Ill.

"LIFE WITH GROUCHO"

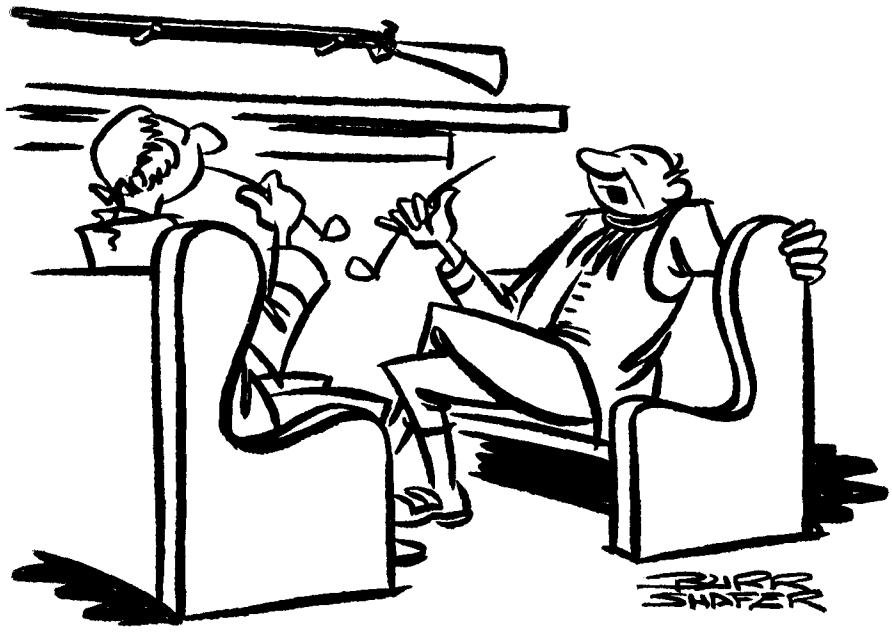
I FEEL called upon to offer a slight rebuttal to the review by Bernard Kalb of "Life with Groucho" by my husband, Arthur Marx [*SR* Nov. 6]. Having been Groucho's daughter-in-law for quite a few years, and having typed over the manuscript of the book a couple of times, I think I'm quite well acquainted with both subjects.

Kalb's main complaint seems to be that the book is not as funny as it might have been. In writing a book *about* a comedian, in contrast to a book written *by* the comic, himself, this is a problem which the author always runs into, unfortunately. There *are* ways of writing such a book so that its fundamental attribute will be humor. For one thing, the author can present a series of anecdotes and witticisms, and have them constitute almost the entire body of the book. They may be very amusing, but they don't give much of a biographical picture of the subject. That's the technique of the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby books, and in a way it's Fred Allen's technique, too—for his book (which Kalb also reviewed) is filled with many sections that are merely entire routines taken from his radio program of a few years ago. Another way of writing a book so that it is "funny" is by writing it in a bad imitation of the subject's style. However, my husband felt there were already enough imitators of Groucho—we seem to encounter them constantly on television, in nightclubs, at parties, and even in the person of our seven-year-old son—without adding one more to the group of bad carbon copies.

I think, basically, though, that Kalb hasn't comprehended the author's intentions about the *kind* of book "Life with Groucho" should be. It was not intended to be just a "funny" book, or a "joke" book. It was intended as a biography—a reasonably accurate picture of Groucho Marx, as a person, which I think it is. Kalb, for instance, says, "Groucho is a lot funnier than the book." Does he mean Groucho whom he sees on television doing his quiz show, or does he mean the off-stage, off-TV camera Groucho? Groucho in his living room can be, and often is, one of the sharpest wits I've ever encountered; but he isn't always that way. Mr. Kalb will have to take my word for it—there are times when the book *is* a lot funnier than Groucho.

IRENE MARX.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Oh, Washington himself is all right. It's the men around him like Jefferson and Adams and . . ."

SAME QUALITY PAPER

IN ANSWER TO Mr. Sherman's inquiry [LETTERS, *SR* Dec. 4] regarding the durability of the paper used in Vintage Books, let me assure him that the quality is the same as the paper used in the better grades of case-bound books. Such papers are referred to as "free sheets"—made from chemically cooked fibers from which all impurities have been removed. Our manufacturer reports: "The greatest contributory cause to the condition mentioned is, of course, the presence of groundwood fiber. There is no mystery and no lack of knowledge as to what the presence of groundwood in a sheet of paper will do to it from the standpoint of either permanence or durability. You know that our company uses no groundwood in the composition of any of its papers. Even mills using old paper stock cannot retain the freedom from the tainted effect of groundwood that we can with our 100 per cent finish of virgin chemical pulp fiber. Moreover, the absence of sizing in your Vintage grades should, if anything, be an advantage from the standpoint of permanence."

SIDNEY R. JACOBS.
Production Manager,
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Another point in Mr. Sherman's letter warrants correction. Vintage Books are priced at ninety-five cents, and not at more than one dollar, in some cases, as Mr. Sherman indicated.*

SOMESVILLE REVISITED

MAY I ask for a correction in the title of some lines of mine, and in the motto over them, as printed in your issue of September 25, 1954? The title was printed "The Somersville Scene." The lines were written at Somesville, Mt. Desert, Maine, and were entitled "The Somesville Scene." The motto was quoted from "Peter Ibbetson," and was printed without any ascription, as if presumably invented by me.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Boston, Mass.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

How Many Inches to the Heart of a Child?

"The Bad Seed" has been appraised as something less than a first-rate novel, and the play based on it has been termed a thriller on the "Dial M for Murder" level. Both evaluations are true but both seem to do the work an injustice. In the novel William March may appear dishonest in his exaggeration of the cold-bloodedness of some of his characters and in his elimination of the light and shade which would have made them more believable human beings. Yet he has bequeathed playwright Maxwell Anderson an engrossing plot and a basketful of ironic commentary on contemporary truths that most of us would prefer not to face.

These truths include the breakdown of Christian religion as a governing force in modern society; the corresponding ascendancy of psychiatric gospel, which justifies selfish behavior as long as it is unillusioned and logical; and the pathological exchange of affection that human beings attempt not as the result of true understanding, but to cover up mutual inability to cope with the force behind our problems. The selfish, pragmatic, and psychologically uncomplicated Rhoda Penmark (aged eight), who unremorsefully commits three murders, constitutes an example of what all that can produce if some more positive governing values are not created. While Mr. March describes Rhoda as "an inborn criminal" or "a normal human being of 50,000 years ago before man began his task of civilizing himself, or built his code of axioms into the moral code that governs us all," he also hints that she is only an extreme case of something we are all to a lesser extent familiar with. This something is violence, which he finds is perhaps the most important factor of the heart, "an ineradicable bad seed behind kindness, behind compassion, behind the embrace of love itself . . . always there ready to appear under the right conditions in all its dreadfulness."

Mr. Anderson has found in Rhoda's mother, Christine, a contemporary tragic heroine. Like Oedipus, she discovers her horrible true identity too late. She is the daughter of a mass murderess, and the mother of a child who is following in her grandmother's footsteps. And, as in "Oedipus," this discovery leads to drastic atonement, the attempted mercy slaying of Rhoda and Christine's own suicide. Rhoda's accidental survival is used by the playwright as just an added jolt in the shockladen atmosphere, and is perhaps responsible for the play's being dismissed as a thriller. Mr. Anderson and the Playwrights' Company evidently did not want to risk being judged on a higher or more serious level and the novel's final mocking lines of comfort to Christine's husband are omitted. "You must not despair, Mr. Penmark, and become bitter," says Mrs. Breedlove. "We cannot always understand God's wisdom, but we must accept it. Everything was not taken from you as you think. At least Rhoda was spared. You still have Rhoda to be thankful for."

However, Mr. Anderson has elsewhere been extremely faithful to the original, and his reorganization and trimming of the story is a masterly piece of craftsmanship. He has eliminated all characters except those most closely related to Christine's tragedy. He has done away with some of the more trivial motives such as the threat Rhoda's eventual exposure imposes on her husband's business career. And he has slightly mitigated the inhuman ruthlessness of Rhoda's pragmatism. When in the novel Christine worries that Rhoda may murder a friendly neighbor Rhoda laughs and replies "I won't do anything to her. Aunt Jessie hasn't anything I want."

In many respects the play improves on the novel. The triangular scene between the unfortunate mother of one of Rhoda's victims, Christine, and the headmistress of the fancy school both children had attended is a dramatically exciting method of bringing into the open a poor *vs.* rich conflict that is diffuse in the novel. Tragedy is probably for the upper classes, who attempt to live up to impossibly high moral standards and to ancestors who are nobler in mythical retrospect than they were in actual fact. Comedy and pathos are for the lower classes, who accept human fallibility. Mr. Anderson, whose "Winterset" might seem to prove otherwise, here seems to suggest this despite himself.

Another improvement is the introduction of Christine's adopted father, Richard Bravo. In the novel Mr. Bravo is a columnist who had been killed prior to the action in an airplane accident of the type that took the life of the late Raymond Clapper during World War II. But in the play he is a strong and vitally important character. Typical of the true newspaperman he is cynical and realistic. When complimented on his past "essays" he describes himself as a writer of filler for a second-rate news service. But also like a good newspaperman he is constantly trying to encourage life at its best.

The dialogue is excellently chosen, and Mr. Anderson is often able to do in one short line what Mr. March didn't quite accomplish in several paragraphs. When asked if her psychoanalysis was successful Monica Breedlove triumphantly replies," Well, it broke up my marriage."

IF THE play is the best of the year, the general level of acting is not far behind, considering that "The Bad Seed" is not easy to perform. Nancy Kelly as Christine must muffle and underplay her torn emotions through most of the play, and her two or three strong outbursts are mere flashes of the bad seed of violence she in her civilized wisdom has been able to control better than most. Patty McCormack gives a letter-perfect portrayal of the little lady who is not for burning in the intransitive sense only. Whatever sparkle is lacking in these necessarily suppressed leading roles is released into the four supporting performances. Eileen Heckart's free-swinging execution of the play's fat part, that of the bereaved but alcoholic mother, is uncompromising as she alternates between comic and the pathetic. Evelyn Varden uses her own personal warmth to make Monica Breedlove something more than a straw-stuffed satire of today's clubwoman. Thomas Chalmers in a few short lines leaves us with the aura of a real hard-cased but soft-innered newspaperman of the late Edwin L. James variety. And Henry Jones suggests the dissolute vulgarity of the malignant janitor without dotting the "i" as much as he might be expected to.

Reginald Denham has directed the play with primary regard for its suspense values and has been reasonably successful in this respect. However, the greater achievement is the maintenance of overtones that make "The Bad Seed" a caustic indictment of a professed moral standard that is pitifully out of synchronization with our actions. "The Bad Seed" has no solution to offer, nor is it even sure of the exact nature of the problem. Yet it faces our perplexing times boldly, asks the right questions, and will at the very least put you off talking baby-talk to your children.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Barber on Kierkegaard, Stiedry on Mozart

FROM his early Op. 3 based on Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," through "A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map" on the text of Stephen Spender, and "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" (James Agee), Samuel Barber has had a discriminating taste where the association of words with his music was concerned. His recent large-scale "Prayers of Kierkegaard," introduced to New York at the latest Boston Symphony pair in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Charles Munch (repeated at the Saturday concert), sustains this discrimination, while introducing us to a creation of substance and impressive design.

To be sure, discrimination in the choice of a text is only the beginning of musical virtue, but Barber has validated his choice by laying out a "libretto" (using the term in its broadest sense) consecutive in mood and cumulative in impact, and providing for it a musical texture of real distinction. The opening *a cappella* chorus, "O Thou who are unchangeable, Whom nothing changes! May we find our rest and remain at rest in Thee unchanging," establishes a plainchant point of reference from which the subsequent sections utilizing orchestra, solo voices, and chorus digress in calculated contrast but always return with a unity that is esthetic as well as intellectual.

The musical materials of this cantata-sonata (meaning something both sung and played) are varied, with what seemed to me a key center around F. As in all his typical pieces, the guiding factor is Barber's own musicality and sense of fitness, rather than any prevailing ism or dogma. Thus, he writes a soaring soprano aria on the text, "Lord Jesus Christ who suffered all life long that I, too, might be saved . . ." when it seems relevant, but also a kind of rhythmic counterpoint for percussion after the triple chorus, "Father in Heaven."

As one whose acquaintance with Kierkegaard was enhanced greatly by John N. Burk's well-stated essay in the program book, I would say that something fundamentally akin to the Danish philosopher who died in 1855 at the age of forty-two has been provided in Barber's music. He was fortunate in his interpreters, especially in the eloquence and discipline of Leontyne Price's singing of the soprano's music, the excellent work of the Schola Cantorum trained by Hugh Ross, and the impelling direction of Munch. Mary McMurray, mezzo, and Earl Ringland, tenor, sang the smaller solos capably.

The last place one looks, ordinarily, on entering a theatre or opera house is the orchestra pit, for its contents (not to say functions) are normally as stable as Epsom Downs. However, there was good reason for casting an apprehensive glance in that direction prior to the Metropolitan's first performance this season of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Happily, the improvised "aprons" which had diffused the action and cramped the musical forces in Herbert Graf's presentation last season were absent. What proceeded thereafter was a typically bright, well-sung "Figaro" ably conducted by Fritz Stiedry, in a manner we are now satisfied to endorse as a Metropolitan tradition.

With Nadine Conner (Susanna) and Mildred Miller (Cherubino) as links with the Pinza-Brownlee casts, and Cesare Siepi (Figaro) and George London (Almaviva) as greatly improved replacements for those male principals, this basic cast—with Lisa della Casa a first-class Countess—was as Mozartian as one could want, give or take a few shades of dramatic emphasis. Miss Conner can rarely be arraigned for doing anything wrong, but she is perhaps the palest (dramatically) good singer I can recall.

Measured against the problems of projection the stage and auditorium of the Metropolitan pose in works of this character, it was gratifying to see the considerable improvement in Miss della Casa's Countess, from the beautifully sung "Porgi amor" on, in Siepi's Figaro, and London's Count. None is as yet perfectly adjusted to the realities of how little to underplay, how much to overplay, in the cavernous Metropolitan, but intelligent guidance —primarily Herbert Graf's, I imagine —has sharpened the outlines all round. Now Siepi is well on the way to being a first-class Figaro—the voice is much lighter in the part than in the early Reiner performances, while losing little of its luster—and London has settled, much, toward the repose wanted in the Count without sacrificing his inherent physical vigor. In short, the prospects for this "Marriage" being a happy one are very good.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Genius at Work

IF I CALLED off the numbers 660 or 710 or 770 or 880 you would probably guess I was pointing out the number of conservatives in government. You would be wrong.

Those dusty, old, half-forgotten figures are the points on your dials where once upon a bygone evening you used to tune in for some pleasantly nostalgic hours of radio entertainment. Those numbers have now been reduced on our TV sets to 2, 4, 7, 9—and often I have the feeling the entertainment has proportionately followed the downward trend.

Also reduced, I was depressed to read in a report by the Publishers Information Bureau, has been the income in radio-time sales. Whereas for the first nine months last year radio sales on the four networks totaled 119 million dollars, this year the total was 104 million dollars for the same period.

This drop of fifteen million dollars may not seem like much to you or me, but to the people who operate the radio networks it represents something more than just a loss of prestige, or a loss of *éclat.* It represents the loss of money. So much so that General David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA and the National Broadcasting Company, and a true pioneer of the broadcasting business, was moved to say in a speech recently, "It may yet be possible for radio networks to eke out a poor existence, but I don't know."

This of course moved CBS to issue a snide bulletin: "Those who do not believe in radio should make way for those who do." And then proceeded to show CBS could make radio pay by putting on a five-a-week Bing Crosby show sustaining.

But there is more at stake here than just the passing of nasty notes between the networks. What is clearly needed is some genius to demonstrate how radio can be brought back

So I will be glad to demonstrate.

In the first place, turning on a radio set has become an almost impossible inconvenience. In my home, as it is in almost all the homes where I have visited, the television set has become the focal point of the living room toward which the couch and all the chairs face. The radio set has been relegated to an inconspicuous window sill or tucked away in a bookshelf or on a bedside table. The actual physical effort involved in getting up out of a comfortable, front-row, overstuffed seat to wander about the house to turn on a radio set is not conducive to building up a sizable radio audience.

Now on television sets, as we have noted earlier, there are channels 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, and 11. And while these channels produce all the entertainment we see on our sets channels 1, 3, 6, and 8 lie there fallow.

MY SUGGESTION is to put the radio networks on channels 1, 3, 6, and 8. For some symphonic music we turn on the set and it lights up with a still picture of Toscanini or whomever. For the five-a-week Crosby radio programs we were talking about we turn on the set and there is a picture of Bing. For "Meet the Press" we see the panel and the guest. And so on.

Radio-vision! To recapture what we are told is fast becoming a dwindling audience and in order to keep the automobile-radio audience intact, of which there is still a sizable group, and to continue to reach the homes where television sets have not yet been installed, radio-vision should be offered sponsors in conjunction with the regular radio broadcasts.

And here is an extra, extra bonus to induce sponsors to come in and help this venerable old medium which has stood us in such good stead over the years. Comes time for the commercial and there is inserted a photograph of the product, behind which is heard the voice of the announcer making his pitch!

I offer this suggestion free and at some sacrifice. I give up my favorite channel to this worthy cause. Many a night after two or three hours of particularly undistinguished television viewing I have tuned in Channel 6. I sit for a long time and gaze at the thousands of little white snow flakes swirling about behind the glass of my twenty-one-inch screen.

Somehow it rests me—and faintly recalls the simpler viewing delight of a day far far gone, when you held the ball of glass in your hand and turned it upside down to watch the snow swirl about—early, early *early* TV.

But they finally went out of business too—couldn't "eke out an existence." Because their audience grew up. Now I had a way to save that medium too. But it involved Never Never Land. And nobody nobody would listen to me. Just as they probably won't listen to me now.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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NEW EDITIONS

Enlightenment's Lexicon

IN ANY list of famous works that are little read the great French "Encyclopedia" would have to be given a place near the top. Everyone has heard of it, everyone has read about it, and read quotations from it; but it is a good bet that, aside from professional students, few persons in recent years have penetrated very far into the eighteen million words of its seventeen volumes. We may be grateful, then, to John Lough for having performed an editorial task that makes it easy for us to become at least partially acquainted with one of the few books that have made, as well as recorded, history. Mr. Lough has skilfully put together a small volume, "The Encyclopédie of Diderot and D'Alembert" (Cambridge University Press, $3), which consists of some seventy articles, in the original French, selected from the mass prepared by Diderot and his collaborators; and by centering his attention on articles "dealing with religion, philosophy, and political and social ideas, while not ignoring other themes, such as science and education, in which the Age of Reason was passionately interested," Mr. Lough has given us a very fair idea of the intellectual quality, intellectual direction, and intellectual force of the whole "Encyclopaedia." It was, and it remains, a monument to the Enlightenment—a monument to eighteenth-century European man's faith in his own reason and the perfectibility of his own posterity. To many persons in the middle of the twentieth century this monument looks as strange and as outdated as a dinosaur. Many persons are running away from a faith in reason as fast as their fears can carry them, and are looking towards a perfectibility that is not of this world. But perhaps they are mistaken in thinking, because reason cannot do all that was once expected of it, that an anti-rational attitude is the only proper posture for mankind. Perhaps they are mistaken in believing that anything but intelligence can save man from himself. Perhaps they could spend a winter's day in worse company than that of Diderot, D'Alembert, D'Holbach, and their fellows.

A really fine work of scholarship is a thing of beauty and a joy forever—or at least for as long as the printed pages last. Such a work is The Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope, now in progress under the general editorship of John Butt. The volume most recently added to this edition are "The Rape of the Lock and Other Poems" (Yale University Press, $6), edited by Geoffrey Tillotson, and "Minor Poems" ($7.50), edited by the late Norman Ault. For readers who may have known Pope only in dim type, and without adequate notes, these volumes, like their predecessors, will be a revelation and a delight. They have been designed to communicate the maximum of pleasure.

Pope is worthy of the best that scholarship can do for him, but I wonder if James Joyce's poetry really merits all the learned, critical attention that William York Tindall has lavished on it in his edition of "Chamber Music" (Columbia University Press, $3.75). And I wonder if it is not a little early to decide that Auden and Dylan Thomas should be included among "The Major Poets: English and American" (Harcourt, Brace, $4), edited by Charles M. Coffin. Auden has been a fashionable poet for a good many years, and Thomas is very much in fashion at the moment, but to list them as indubitably "major" along with the greatest of English poets—or even with Robinson, Frost, Yeats, and Eliot—seems an act of editorial daring.

Cennino d'Andrea Cennini's "Il Libro dell'Arte," written in the fifteenth century for the practical guidance of artists, must be one of the first "how-to-do-it" books. The author wrote of mixing colors, mural painting, drawing, oil painting, glues, sizes and cements, panel painting, gilding, varnishing, illumination on glass, mosaic work, and casting. He also gave instructions for the taking of a life mask, and you might try to follow them—but not with a friend. This odd, fascinating volume has recently been published by Dover, in Daniel W. Thompson Jr.'s translation, under the title of "The Craftsman's Handbook" ($3.50).

From the Heritage Press come two lavish editions of Dreiser—"Sister Carrie," introduced by Burton Rascoe and illustrated by Reginald Marsh, and "An American Tragedy," with an introduction by Harry Hansen and illustrations by Mr. Marsh ($5 each). And from Penguin: "The Thousand and One Nights" (50¢), a selection, translated by N. J. Dawood.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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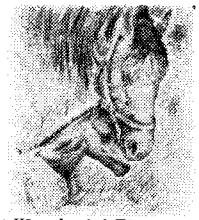
Books for Young People



—"Wonderful Things!"

ONE more bit of evidence that children are reading (see Nancy Larrick's "But Children Do Read Nowadays," *SR* Nov. 13, 1954) comes in the reports of the children's librarians of the New York Public Library. Recent figures show that children are clamoring for books as never before, that attendance at the weekly story and picture-book hours is increasing, and that the circulation figures for books taken home to be read are on the rise. Many other library systems have similar increases in use.

Our reviewers this month include Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor, School Libraries, Raleigh (North Carolina) Public Schools; Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Work with Boys and Girls, Long Beach (California) Public Library; Sarah Jones, Chief Library Consultant, Georgia Department of Education; Norma Rathbun, Chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Public Library; Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Supervisor, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

ANIMALS EVERYWHERE. *By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday.* $2. This is a welcome reissue of a picture book which the artists made originally for their own little son, and which, though full of strange creatures, has the quality of being of the little child's own world. Published first in 1940, it has been succeeded by few if any animal picture books which the very young children have enjoyed more. Here are the familiar farmyard friends and the moose and buffalo and other less familiar animals of the temperate climates as well as the strange animals of the tropics and the arctic regions. The full color, double-page spreads alternate with pages in two colors which, amusingly, give pictures of the preceding animals in reverse. The descriptive text is brief and apt and very appealing to small boys and girls. —Ruth Hill Viguers.

WONDERFUL THINGS! *By Zhenya Gay. Viking.* $2.50. Young children will be delighted with this simple story of a foal's exploration of the new world about him. Exceptionally fine pictures of horses by the author-illustrator. The feeling of wonder conveyed—the wonder of being born, the wonder of the manifestations of nature—sets this book apart from other picture stories of colts. —Helen Fuller.

MORE FUN WITH HERBERT. *By Hazel Wilson. Illustrated by John N. Barron. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50. The irrepressible Herbert is back again! His activities include sponsoring a "Be-Kind-to-Parents-Week," emceeing a musical mouse, inventing a snow-clearing device, and developing a paint-spraying business. Unusual things are always happening to Herbert or perhaps it is Herbert who is unusual. This time he manages to acquire shoes that start fires, a pony which he stables upstairs, and radioactive braces. Herbert fans, who enjoyed "Herbert" and "Herbert Again," will be pleased with this new series of adventures, both those that could not possibly be true and those that just might happen to a young boy. The illustrations by John N. Barron catch the original spirit that is truly Herbert's. —Sarah Jones.

PLENTY TO WATCH. *By Mitsu and Taro Yashima. Viking Press.* $2.50. Taro Yashima, who last year told of his life as a boy in Japan in "The Village Tree," here continues, with his wife, the account of his youth in "Plenty to Watch." Here are the things that children could see on their way home from school. If they went through the village they watched men and women making mats and umbrellas, sweets and lanterns; if they walked the mountain road they saw the camphor factory, the fertilizer mill, and the farms with a great variety of activities. Curious about life around them, the children learned from each villager the thing he excelled in.

—By Roger Duvoisin, for "Sophocles the Hyena."

With his sensitive use of color and design Mr. Yashima has recorded here the child's eternal quest for knowledge.

—F. L. S.

SOPHOCLES THE HYENA. *By Jim Moran. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House.* $2.25. Fred Allen's comment on this book just about sums it up—"'Sophocles the Hyena' is a charming little fable that you can enjoy if you are a child, if you are in your second childhood, or if you are in between." It is the tale of a cat named Morris who convinced Raff-Raff the dog, Emma the duck, and Miff the mole that it would be to their advantage to attend cat school and learn how to meow. When a mean, cat-eating hyena appeared even Morris stopped meowing and tried to cock-a-doodle-doo to convince the hyena he was not a cat. Jim Moran first told this tale to the small daughter of a friend. She told her parents and they told their friends. So in the end Jim Moran wrote out the amusing story which Roger Duvoisin, a Caldecott Medal winner, has illustrated in gay red, yellow, and black. The story has been set to music by Tom Scott. A good read-aloud book.

—Mary Peacock Douglas.

YOUR DATING DAYS. *By Paul H. Landis. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. The subtitle of this book, "Looking Forward to a Happy Marriage," is far more descriptive of the book than its title. Written for the upper teens by a professor of sociology at the State College of Washington, it deals with marriage and the family in our society and discusses many problems important to young people in an unsentimental and mature way.

Beginning with the pros and cons of going steady in high school, it goes on to deal with such problems as when to marry, marriage and military service, selecting the "one and only," and the adjustments necessary to make a happy marriage. This book, practical and sound, should leave young people with the idea that a happy marriage is not a romantic accident, but comes from a sharing of responsibilities and a desire to make it a success. It is illustrated with charts and line drawings by Paul Galdone.

—Norma Rathbun.

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Continued from page 19

of group relationships and tensions.

The authors are on very solid ground when they say that their "viewpoint goes beyond the principles of the melting pot and cultural pluralism" to the idea of minority acceptance in terms of an overall philosophy of American citizenship. At the same time, while it is true, as they say, that cultural pluralism "stresses unduly the social separateness of peoples and the individuality of their subcultures," one wishes that the Coles offered something more solid in terms of their own philosophy of group relations. True, we have advanced beyond the deep sense of minority grievance expressed by Adamic, beyond the false idea of the relative stability of ethnic cultures in America that is central to the theory of cultural pluralism. But what is to replace these theories which are now outmoded? At this point, the Coles disappoint us most in stating that "an adequate philosophy of intercultural education is still in the making"; that most of the "materials in intercultural education [lack] any clear articulation of the democratic direction in which youth should move. . . ."

Perhaps the Coles are correct in their belief that two decades is an insufficient time for such a philosophy to have emerged. But one wishes that

they had devoted more of this volume to this necessary aspect of democratic philosophy than to a review of the ABCs of group relationships, regardless of how valuable the latter might be to the neophyte in the field.

Big-Time Rackets

CRIME OVER BROOKLYN: The many writers around the country who are laboring to record details of civic corruption and pay-offs to police can lift fingers from typewriters and rest a while. For here in **"The Big Fix,"** by Norton Mockridge and Robert H. Prall (Henry Holt, $3.95), is the real thing. Replete with the realities no writer can dream up, it tells the oft-told (in newspapers) tale of Harry Gross, the pudgily handsome Brooklyn bookmaker whose connections in the New York City police force went straight to the top. The authors, star reporters on the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, endeavor to set this sordid but enthralling story in perspective, and in so doing select (rightly, it would seem) ex-Mayor William O'Dwyer as top villain. They state as fact many unflattering things about him heretofore only whispered but, like the others who have tried to pin actual crookedness on O'Dwyer, finally can do no better than: "He named to high office men who were relatives of gangsters, men who were sent in by crooked political leaders, men who had absolutely no qualifications for their high posts." One result of this, the authors say, is that three top men in the Police Department raised $100,000 to keep Harry Gross in business. When the bookie was finally arrested by Brooklyn District Attorney Miles McDonald nearly five hundred other policemen filed for retirement. The writers weaken the impact of their book by an attitude of hero-worship toward McDonald, but it is all here, pulled together in a way to make the average crime novel seem tame. Not the least fascinating part is the picture painted of the nervous and (to an extent) mental collapse-under-pressure of O'Dwyer. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 601

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Asia

Continued from page 15

traces the collapse of the system, from the Morley-Minto reforms of 1909 to the final withdrawal of 1947. The critical moment, in Mr. Mason's opinion, was at the end of the First World War, when the old order suddenly came to an end because Indians ceased to accept their passive role and demanded political power. The whole nature of government was thereby changed. Its primary task was no longer the policeman's but the teacher's, and the atmosphere in which it had to teach the Congress Party how to run the state was one of steadily mounting distrust. An even greater complication came in 1937, with the introduction of provincial self-government. Thenceforth the Guardians, responsible to native premiers, had to teach Indians administration and at the same time teach themselves the unfamiliar ways of politics.

This part of the book contains more generalizations than usual. A few seem overdrawn, such as the suddenness and completeness of the change in Indian opinion in 1918-1919. A few betray bitterness, such as the strictures on Gandhi and the Congress during the Second World War. But these are rare exceptions. By and large Mr. Mason maintains an objectivity that is in the best tradition of the Guardians he has been describing. In his final chapters, dealing with the death of empire, he rises to the height of his theme. He suggests that Britain's apparent defeat may prove in the long run to have been her greatest achievement in India, but the suggestion is only between the lines. The prevailing mood is sadness at the ending of a great effort, which is the sadness of history itself. When the reader closes the book he may or may not share this sadness. In any case he will have a fresh respect for the qualities of the Guardians, and a sense that nothing in their long career of empire became them like the leaving of it.

Notes

KOREAN CORRESPONDENT: It is no secret that the conversations of war correspondents at the front often differ from the stories the same correspondents file for newspapers back home. In dispatches such matters as the policies of the paper and the mental attitude of the American people must be taken into consideration. Pulitzer Prize-winning Keyes Beech in **"Tokyo and Points East"** (Doubleday, $3.75) gives the flavor of the correspondents' talk at the front during the Korean War—and more is brought in by James Michener in an introduction. Yet this is not another "low-down" book, but rather the random thoughts and recollections of a *Chicago Daily News* correspondent who earned the right to set down random thoughts not only by winning a Pulitzer but a Nieman Fellowship as well. Readers looking for the pros and cons of the Yalu will find instead the details of a really intense war—that between correspondents Maggie Higgins and Homer Bigart, both of the *New York Herald Tribune,* whose mutual hatred (and resulting competition) was probably of inestimable value to *Tribune* readers and to the entire war coverage as well. On a higher level there are details of the sorry state of the American Army when the Korean war began, and the continuing sorry state of some of its officers. Intermingled are some hard-bitten comments on the American scene as it appeared to the returned correspondent, and combat stories extolling the spirit of the foot soldier, with whom Keyes Beech closely associated himself. Several times he pokes fun at the war-must-go-on attitude in other correspondents, but at book's end he is boarding a plane for Saigon, following through on the state of mind he's just poked fun at. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FAR EAST: CBS's voluble news and public affairs analyst Dwight Cooke, back from a look at the Far East, has analyzed our headaches there but can offer no simple bromide. First of all, he is convinced that **"There Is No Asia"** (Doubleday, $4) as such and that we will have to recognize sharp national differences between Asiatic countries, extending greatest help to those who are willing to forge the strongest links with the United States. As a yardstick for priority in obtaining our aid Cooke requires an emphatic yes from Asians on such points as: fear of Communism; willingness to use force; freedom at home; friend of USA. Korea, Pakistan, the Philippines, and possibly Thailand are found to qualify. Disturbingly enough, India, Japan, and Formosa get far from high marks.

Cooke's chapter on Japan should help dispel some of the illusions fostered by General MacArthur's reign and favorable press. Even MacArthur's influence and popularity in Japan are tremendously exaggerated, Cooke says, citing a high-pressure campaign conducted there in 1952 to collect building funds for a MacArthur Memorial Hall. Some $62,000 was spent but the fund netted only thirty-nine dollars. More serious are Cooke's

doubts about the gamble in rearming an unfriendly Japan, whose modern army and bombers in the future will be sitting only a few miles away from Alaska, aside from the possible revival of Japanese pressure on our sole friends in Asia. As for Formosa, Cooke sees the necessity for having it act as a military deterrent to Chinese Communist ambitions in Asia; at the same time, he deplores the subsidizing of a regime which is symbolic of despotism in the eyes of Asians we wish to persuade of our democratic intent. By facing such dilemmas with frankness and introducing laymen to the culture and historical problems of Asia, Dwight Cooke provides a significant and realistic survey.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

APOLOGIA FOR DOUG (CONT'D.): While General Douglas MacArthur dwells in comfort at the Waldorf Towers, labors in the stately offices of Remington-Rand, and attends ball games in season his aides and admirers busily write books about him. It's an effort that seems a trifle wasted, since the General will let neither friend nor foe study the papers pertaining to the really controversial aspects of his career. Latest in the succession is Frazier Hunt's **"The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur"** (Devin-Adair, $5). In it the seventy-four-year-old author, known affectionately as "Spike" to fellow journalists, not unexpectedly turns out to be a fervent MacArthur man. His chief contribution is that he can at least write and organize material in good newspaper-magazine style. Where books by MacArthur's aides have bumbled along, this moves rapidly, studded with such glowing phrases as "the stern-faced General." Needless to say, Spike sees President Truman as a deep-dyed villain who did his best to "destroy" MacArthur. But, even more, he has it in for President Roosevelt, devoting more space to the claim that FDR tried even harder to destroy the Hero of Bataan. According to Spike, MacArthur defied Roosevelt far more than he did Truman, even telling him off rudely to his face. This and a few other unverified episodes are practically all (except readability) added by this 522-page book to the MacArthur legend: a diligent search by the reviewer failed to find anything actually filling the "untold" promise held out by the title. Indeed, it all can best be summed up by saying the title's a bang but the book's a whimper. —A. C.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page. 17

violent and yet glorious old man—"the grand old Pagan" and "unsubduable old Roman," as Carlyle called him, whose style was "like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians." But in his loftiest vein he, the unsubduable, subdued himself to an even nobler emotional restraint. There, as he himself said, "Passion and Imagination meet, the low banks of prose are overflowed, and molehill after molehill disappears." Then, above those flooding waters, his poems rise in calm and Olympian heights.

Notes

DISCOVERER OF TREASURE ISLAND: Although G. B. Stern has addressed her biographical sketch **"Robert Louis Stevenson"** (Macmillan, $2.75) to youthful readers, oldsters will also find much in it to charm and delight them. The zest, courage, and good humor of the nineteenth-century Scottish author are infectious. Miss Stern's graceful manner of presentation is a happy reminder to those already familiar with Stevenson's life and writings, and it is an invitation to those who have not yet made his acquaintance. The biographer has centered her attention on Stevenson's romantic appeal as a storyteller, essayist, and poet. She thinks of him, her subtitle suggests, as "The Man Who Wrote 'Treasure Island'." And she interweaves details of his life (not always with historic precision)—his boyish exploits, his cheerful refusal to bow to illness, his love affair with Fanny Osbourne, his ceaseless travels—as a complement to his literary side.

Stevenson's love of adventure and an instinctively rebellious nature made him the despair of his schoolmasters and Edinburgh University professors. Blessed with a tolerant if disappointed father, he was enabled to give up the study of engineering (his father's profession) and turn to the law. This was but a formal concession, for there was never any real question that he could be anything but a writer. Constantly in search of a climate favorable to his tubercular condition, Stevenson traveled widely in Europe, in America, and in the Pacific. One of the most fortunate circumstances of his brief life (he died in Samoa December 3, 1894, aged forty-four) was his marriage to Fanny, an American divorcee many years older than he. She nursed him through innumerable bouts of illness, and loyally suffered seasickness and tropical discomforts to be with him. Although he had no children of his own, he lavished intuitive parental affection on his stepson Lloyd. He helped the boy manifest a talent for drawing, and dedicated to him "Treasure Island," which he wrote while he was ill in bed. Such other popular works as "A Child's Garden of Verses" and "Kidnapped" were likewise the products of many bedridden hours. Wherever Stevenson went he made lasting friendships, ranging from Sydney Colvin, W. E. Henley, and J. M. Barrie to Pacific chieftains. There is perhaps no greater monument to the loyalty and love which he inspired than the mourning of the Samoan natives at the time of his death.

—EDWARD A. BLOOM.

BRITISH HUMOUR: "Wit of the first order," according to Ernest Newman, "is like lightning—it strikes swiftly and unexpectedly, regardless of the innocence or guilt of its victims, and it never strikes twice in the same way." There are many grave definitions of this glittering, frequently painful intellectual play; but the sharply individualized quality which marks it frustrates satisfactory definition. Wit in action, however, is another matter; and once experienced it is not likely to be soon forgotten. **"English Wits"** (Macmillan, $2.50), edited by Leonard Russell of the London *Sunday Times* and now in its fourth edition since 1940, is a pleasurable reminder of this principle. The fourteen essays comprising the volumes are from the pens of such witty essayists as Newman, Gerard Hopkins, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, Robert Lynd, Desmond McCarthy, Dilys Powell, and others.

The range of their celebrated English (and one American) subjects is broad—from the abusive waspishness of Pope, the magisterial snortings of Dr. Johnson, and the unbridled prankishness of John Wilkes, to the rapier thrusts of Wilde, Whistler, Sydney Smith, and Shaw. In between are the witticisms, in varying degrees of effectiveness, of Theodore Hook, Lamb, Sheridan, Henry Lebouchere, Beerbohm, "Saki," and Mary Russell Mitford. Each subject has his particular mode of wit, and the reviewer should be excused from the hazards of stating preferences that will enrage partial readers. It is, however, gratifying to report that many of the contributing essayists are fair matches for their subjects in urbanity and verbal dexterity.

Cumulatively, "English Wits" is splendid entertainment, and one gladly forgives even Mr. Russell for succumbing to an inevitable *finis* line, "Wit's End." —E. A. B.

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Toynbee and Other Everests

Continued from page 10

in 1954. Perhaps it would have turned anyway, as tides have a way of doing. What is certain is that the turn began after the publication of this book by a respected and courageously plainspoken Indianan—a book that, by remaining on the best-seller lists ever since its appearance early in the year, was a constant reminder of a fact that we and the world seemed almost to have forgotten: we *were* born free and most of us intended to stay that way. The same reminder was placed in a general context by Henry Steele Commager's "Freedom, Loyalty, and Dissent" and in a particular one by Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam's "I Protest."

Our increasing interest in Asian affairs (a life-and-death interest) was reflected in books of many categories. The late, if not latent, war in Korea was written about by two generals, William Dean ("General Dean's Story") and Mark Clark ("From the Danube to the Yalu"), and two correspondents, John Dille ("Substitute for Victory") and Keyes Beech ("Tokyo and Points East"). Uneasy India was the subject of Chester Bowles's "Ambassador's Report" and Saunders Redding's disturbed report "An American in India." Several of the worlds Pearl Buck described so vividly in her warm and wise autobiography, "My Several Worlds," were Asian. Southeast Asia's jungle warfare flared through several novels, the best of which were Norman Lewis's "A Single Pilgrim" and Pierre Boulee's "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." The Cambridge University Press issued a handsome introductory volume in a projected series by Joseph Needham on "Science and Civilization in China." As for Japan, James Michener produced a sio-sio novel about a modern Cio-Cio San ("Sayonara") and a superbly designed and enthusiastic treatise on Japanese prints ("The Floating World").

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1082)

JOSEPHINE HERBST:
NEW GREEN WORLD

(Suggested by Marion Edey)

John Bartram, eighteenth-century botanist and explorer of the wilderness, lived his long, good life in the state of Pennsylvania, . . . where a little plant called the Star of Bethlehem, thought by Bartram doomed to perish, continues to flourish.

One Asian problem that had been magnificently solved a year before was the subject of what sometimes seemed like an interminable string of books. The most notable of these was, of course, Sir John Hunt's own account of "The Conquest of Everest," but they all had their virtues, and, if the successful British excelled in prose, the unsuccessful Swiss were victorious in the matter of mountain photography.

NOT many peaks were scaled in 1954's fiction. The highest altitude record made by a member of the American expedition was probably that of William Faulkner in "A Fable," but no real statistics are available, since most of the critics who tried to follow him failed to complete the ascent, complaining that their oxygen had given out and expressing a wistful desire to be back in Yoknapatawpha County.

Hemingway, at long last, won the Nobel Prize. A novel by William March ("The Bad Seed") at long last made the best-seller lists, but that inexplicably neglected author had died soon after the book's publication. Steinbeck coasted with a farcical successor to "Cannery Row." Dos Passos's "Most Likely to Succeed" was, by all odds, the most unprophetic title of the year, as Douglas Wallop's "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant" was the most devilishly prophetic. Marquand was represented only by an uneven collection of short stories ("Thirty Years"). Long absent authors made welcome returns—Harriette Arnow ("The Dollmaker"), Anne Parrish ("And Not for Love"), Hamilton Basso ("The View from Pompey's Head"), Dawn Powell ("The Wicked Pavilion") Raymond Chandler ("The Long Goodbye")—with works that brought a deservedly enthusiastic response. First novelists were few, but among their number were names to remember: William Gibson ("The Cobweb"), Evan Hunter ("The Blackboard Jungle"), Davis Grubb ("The Night of the Hunter").

England gave us L. P. Hartley's "The Go-Between," a craft-wise and compelling novel about a boy's first shattering encounter with the Facts of Life; William Plomer's comedy of Edwardian and Georgian humours, "Museum Pieces"; Sylvia Townsend Warner's careful reconstruction of a fairly grim corner of the Victorian world, "The Flint Anchor"; and Angus Wilson's barbed but affectionate glance at the foolish Twenties, "For Whom the Cloche Tolls." There was, too, J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Fellowship of the Ring," first volume in a trilogy about the wars of the free peoples of Middle-earth (elves, hobbits, and such) against evil enslavement by Sauron, Lord of Darkness. Every reviewer being entitled to at least one long-shot annually, I suggest that Mr. Tolkien's fantasy is one of those individual works mentioned at the opening of this summary that will mark 1954 as a historic year in publishing—not because adult critics have seriously compared it with "The Faerie Queene," but because it is bound to be seized upon by children as their own delighted discovery, and passed on in this fashion to generations yet to come.

Historical novels, as in other years, added solidity and strength to the whole fictional structure. In America Esther Forbes's enthralling re-creation of a vanished New England, "Rainbow on the Road," was one of that fine writer's finest works. Established authors like Anya Seton ("Katherine") and John Masters ("Bhowani Junction") had further successes; there were striking first novels by Milton Lott ("The Last Hunt") and Basil Burwell ("Our Brother the Sun"). From England there was a new Du Maurier ("Mary Anne"), a new Bryher ("Roman Wall") and a new Duggan ("Leopards and Lilies"). From Russia (via Canada) there was Igor Gouzenko's titanic "Fall of a Titan"; from France (via Italy) Marguerite Yourcenar's philosophical "Hadrian's Memoirs"; from Sweden Frans Bengtsson's wit-crammed Viking saga, "The Long Ships."

The brightness of the literary landscape that we have journeyed through in 1954 is evident when we look back in almost any direction—new poems by Jeffers and Williams and MacLeish, adventurous travels in Tibet and Bafut and Lapland and the South Atlantic whaling grounds, golden literary reminiscences by Richard Garnett and Sean O'Casey and Van Wyck Brooks, the private diaries of Stendhal and Virginia Woolf, the humane wit of E. B. White and Jacques Barzun and the dafter variety of Fred Allen and Paul Jennings and Groucho (as quoted by his son), the common understanding of science enhanced by the works of Oppenheimer and Waksman and Carlton Coon and others.

Have we read any good books lately? If we haven't, it's our own fault.

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Crime

Continued from page 13

publish his first book until he was thirty-one, his productivity was as phenomenal as Erle Stanley Gardner's. Productivity is a continuing French custom, apparently, because Georges Simenon has turned out three stories this year, two of them concerned with his old pal of the Quai des Orfèvres (**"Inspector Maigret and the Strangled Stripper"** and **"Inspector Maigret and the Killers"**—Crime Club, $2.75 each). The third, **"Strangers in the House,"** an orthodox novel with criminous involutions, carries the Doubleday (and not the Crime Club) imprint; this means that it is held to be a straight novel, and it is priced accordingly—$2.95. Query: If Dostoevsky had just written "Crime and Punishment" would it rate as a $2.75 mystery or a four-dollar masterpiece?

The crime omnibus, one hopes, will never go out of fashion. **"Perilous Journeys of Hercule Poirot,"** by Agatha Christie, a lady not unknown to fame (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), is a reissue of three full-length stories in each of which the conceited but delectable hairless but not brainless little Belgian is catapulted to some far corner of Europe or the Near East on murderer bent. In **"Three by Tey"** Macmillan has reprinted a trio of the admirable teasers of the late Josephine Tey ($3.95). Miss Tey's books are likely to last a long time.

The year's factual output includes two excellent dactyloscopic treatises which are as nearly independent of each other as a pair of books on a highly specialized subject can well be. **"Fingerprints,"** by Douglas G. Browne and Alan Brock (Dutton, $3.50), is a historical survey—one could call it a monograph if this would not be likely to drive the customers away—with enough fine case histories to lard it with extraordinary narrative interest. **"Fingerprints Never Lie,"** by Fred Cherrill, retired Scotland Yard chief in this special field (Macmillan, $3.95), is nearly all excellent case histories. The two run tandem nicely. Superintendent Robert Fabian, who popped up as a reporter at our own Sheppard case after retiring from the Yard, reminisces absorbingly in **"London After Dark"** (British Book Centre, $3.50). **"I Was a House Detective,"** by Dev Collans with Stewart Sterling (Dutton, $3), is an interest-holding stateside performance. Richard Gehman's **"A Murder in Paradise"** (Rinehart, $3.50) is an excellent documentary detailing the murder of a Pennsylvania college secretary in 1950 and its fateful aftermath.

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Like Mistletoe, for instance.

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Last of the Fairytalers

Continued from page 8

its sense of modesty be improved by reading about a woman who dined alone with a sexton in her husband's absence? Or its sense of value of human life after reading 'Little and Big Claus'? As for 'The Princess and the Pea,' it is not only indelicate but indefensible as the child might get the false idea that great ladies must be terribly thin skinned . . ." The critic ended by saying, " 'Little Ida's Flowers' is innocent but it has no moral either."

We smile at such criticism, but there are others that threaten Andersen just as seriously; for instance, there is an idea now that children should be given books without shadows, books of brightness and lightness, and laughter, nothing else; perhaps the reason why such books are so lifeless is that living things have shadows.

This has led to what can only be called a desecration of Andersen's work; judicious editors have cut it, changed the endings, in some cases simply taken the plot away from the story and told it again, until, as Professor Elias Bredsdorff says, what we have is Andersen murdered.

NO ONE can deny that Andersen has his dark side; he could hardly escape it; he was writing in the first half of the nineteenth century and had been brought up among crude and ignorant people. As a child he was told macabre stories and superstitions; he had been terrified of his grandfather who was mad and, when he went to the asylum with his grandmother, he had seen dangerous lunatics kept in cells. In his day Denmark had capital punishment and as a boy he was taken to see an execution, supposed then to be an edifying sight for children; in Copenhagen, in his early days, he lived among the dregs of the city; besides all this, as a true poet, once he began to write a Tale he became possessed by it.

Stories as vividly horrid as "The Girl Who Trod on a Loaf," as sad as "The Shadow" should perhaps be kept away from children altogether but to expunge parts of them, to tell them in another way, is to destroy them, not too strong a word; and almost always it is safe to trust the children to Andersen. "The Little Mermaid," for instance, has terrible parts, but the ultimate feeling is of joy and tenderness, the story is one of the saddest on earth but it is also one of the very best loved.

In pictures and statues of Andersen tiny children are shown listening to the stories; this is sentimentally false. The stories were not meant for them. In the 1840s, 1850s, and 1860s very little children were kept in the nursery when visitors came to the house; it was not until they were seven or eight years old that they were allowed to go down to the drawing-room or into dessert to meet Mr. Hans Andersen and perhaps hear his Tales. Even then they did not understand the whole; they were not meant to; all Andersen wanted was that they should love them.

In "The Apple Bough" the apple branch realizes the difference in people. "Some are for ornament, some for nourishment, and some we could do very well without," it thinks. A poet, if he is a good poet, is for both ornament and nourishment and the world would be a poor place without him.

Andersen charms and pleases us and he feeds our hearts and minds and souls; he has few conventional happy endings. Terrible things happen, but no matter what happens the ultimate pattern comes clear and a wholeness is reached that is better than happiness because it satisfies.

When Denmark was at war with Prussia a friend wrote to Andersen and told him how in a house that had been ruined with cannon and grapeshot a storks' nest on the broken roof held a new stork family. It seemed to Andersen a symbol of the great pattern in which he believed. He had glimpsed it before. When King Christian VIII had died and all Denmark mourned a swan had flown against the spire of Roskilde Cathedral, where all the kings and queens have their sarcophagi; it brushed its breast and fell but soon it was able to fly again. When Oehlenschlager the poet died a songbird built its nest in one of the wreaths, and once Andersen, in a black mood, wrote with his cane in the snow, "Snow is like immortality. In a little while there is no trace." He went away, there was a thaw, and when he came to the place again he found all the snow had melted, except for one spot, where remained the word "Immortality."

It was Spinoza who said, "The more we understand individual things, the more we understand God." For Hans Andersen every fence, every small flower seemed to say, "Look at me and my story will go right into you"; a thistle, a tin soldier, a snail, opens a breadth of vision and understanding; he knew that the little is part of the big and it is this sense of largeness, of infinity, that comes to us; the stories do not need a moral for they are each a parable.

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DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Common cosmopolitan weed, *Polygonum aviculare.*	172 163 171 54 213 108 194 132 204
B. Fragrant volatile distillate.	41 127 19 121 126
C. What Xenophon's Greek soldiers shouted on arriving at the Black Sea.	149 202 89 74 152 186 11 50
D. What comes up for the winner.	140 129 6 60 195
E. English author, "Tragedy of Lord Kitchener," 1921 (1852-1930).	16 115 68 158 151
F. Undue precipitancy in word or action.	157 78 39 167 184 137 4 36
G. With "best," official title of top dog (comp.).	10 165 192 25 215 35
H. Frances Wright's Community project near Memphis, 1825-30.	65 116 148 170 203 214 179
I. Describing women's formal evening gloves (comp.).	112 155 198 34 175 8 106 217 45 139 2
J. French portraitist, 1755-1842; more than twenty of Marie Antoinette, etc. (comp.).	71 183 66 200 189 32 210 190 142 120 37
K. Right there (3 wds.).	31 1 5 63 80 53 58 14 46
L. Home port of the whaling ship *Pequod.*	153 61 24 7 69 103 18 100 162 91
M. Souse.	144 70 38 212 83 55
N. One of the princes entitled to take part in choosing the Holy Roman Emperor	23 33 3 79 193 131 92
O. Reverberate (comp.).	208 168 72 22 47 161
P. Early 18th-cent. Venetian violinist and composer, esp. of violin concertos.	51 109 105 187 84 166 211

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
Q. Heroine of "Wuthering Heights."	26 12 146 117 57 178 164 99
R. *French* engineer, founder of aerodynamics; designed locks for Panama Canal (1832-1923).	9 73 124 95 28 199
S. Describing *an area* temporarily marked for exclusion of the general public (comp.).	188 134 86 48 102 104 136 206
T. Tributary of the upper Hudson River, its lake, a village, *an Adirondack peak* —all very scenic.	29 201 182 90 125 93 82
U. Tree gardens.	114 27 209 75 122 52 133 138
V. Having escaped enervating influences.	173 81 44 49 76 135 110 119 56
W. Formula or significant phrase used for effect by one having only superficial knowledge of a subject.	145 197 181 118 160 177 207 216 159
X. Well-known nursery character thought to have been originated by Goldsmith (comp.).	154 30 43 67 97 17 191 176
Y. Lake, partly in both Maine and N.H., source of Androscoggin River.	21 42 87 64 185 94 107
Z. To reject or mark as spurious.	85 96 128 141 180 59 13 156
Z.[1] Scene of Napoleon's victory over the Austrians, 1796, in NE Italy.	20 88 111 147 62 98 40 101
Z.[2] A "*Trail*" highway 3400 miles westward from Plymouth Rock to Seattle, Wash.	123 143 130 77 150 169 113 196 174 15 205

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 K	2 I	3 N	■	4 F	5 K	6 D	7 L	8 I	9 R	■	10 G	11 C	■	12 Q	■	13 Z
14 K	15 Z²	16 E	■	17 X	18 L	■	19 B	20 Z¹	21 Y	22 O	23 N	■	24 L	25 G	26 Q	27 U	28 R
■	29 T	30 X	31 K	32 J	33 N	34 I	35 G	36 F	■	37 J	38 M	39 F	40 Z¹	■	41 B	42 Y	43 X
44 V	45 I	■	46 K	47 O	48 S	■	49 V	50 C	51 P	52 U	53 K	■	54 A	55 M	56 V	■	57 Q
58 K	59 Z	60 D	61 L	62 Z¹	■	63 K	64 Y	65 H	66 J	67 X	■	68 E	69 L	70 M	■	71 J	72 O
73 R	74 C	■	75 U	76 V	■	77 Z²	78 F	79 N	80 K	■	81 V	82 T	■	83 M	84 P	85 Z	86 S
87 Y	88 Z¹	89 C	90 T	91 L	■	92 N	93 T	94 Y	95 R	■	96 Z	97 X	98 Z¹	■	99 Q	100 L	101 Z¹
102 S	■	103 L	104 S	105 P	106 I	■	107 Y	108 A	109 P	110 V	111 Z¹	112 I	113 Z²	■	114 U	■	115 E
116 H	117 Q	118 W	119 V	120 J	121 B	122 U	123 Z²	■	124 R	125 T	126 B	■	127 B	128 Z	129 D	■	130 Z²
131 N	132 A	133 U	■	134 S	135 V	■	136 S	137 F	138 U	139 I	140 D	141 Z	142 J	143 Z²	144 M	■	145 W
146 Q	147 Z¹	148 H	149 C	■	150 Z²	151 E	■	152 C	153 L	154 X	155 I	156 Z	157 F	158 E	159 W	■	160 W
161 O	162 L	163 A	■	164 Q	165 G	166 P	■	167 F	168 O	■	169 Z²	170 H	171 A	■	172 A	173 V	174 Z²
175 I	176 X	■	177 W	178 Q	179 H	180 Z	■	181 W	182 T	183 J	184 F	185 Y	186 C	■	187 P	188 S	189 J
■	190 J	191 X	192 G	193 N	■	194 A	■	195 D	196 Z²	197 W	198 I	199 R	200 J	■	201 T	202 C	203 H
204 A	205 Z²	■	206 S	207 W	208 O	■	209 U	210 J	211 P	212 M	213 A	■	214 H	215 G	216 W	217 I	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

DECEMBER 25, 1954

CONTENTS

MELBA AND I
By John Brownlee 35

SCHUMANN AND SCHUMANN PLAYERS
By Abram Chasins 38

A IS FOR ARMSTRONG
By Wilder Hobson 40

THE FIFTH EDITION OF "GROVE"
By Irving Kolodin 42

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 44

"LES SIX" UP TO DATE
By Arthur Berger 50

ALL BORIS, NO BORES
By Fred Grunfeld 52

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 54

SOME HIGHS AND LOWS
By R. D. Darrell 56

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 58

MELBA AND I

By JOHN BROWNLEE,
for whom no further identification is necessary, save to say that he is, indeed, the favorite baritone of the Metropolitan Opera.

AS A YOUNG man in Australia, having won a gold medal as "Champion Vocalist," I was singing the "Messiah" with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society when Madame Nellie Melba attended a performance with friends, and was interested enough to come backstage and talk to me. "I should go to Europe to study for opera. Did I have enough money! Was I interested enough to work hard, study languages, learn repertoire, and climb the hard road to success!" At the end of this rapid-fire inquiry from the great *diva* I managed to blurt out some sort of breathless thanks, meanwhile squeezing her hand so hard that I hurt her because of the rings she was wearing. Melba cried out and spanked me soundly. As an afterthought she said, however, that she loved a firm grip. Well, two years later I arrived in London, called on Melba, got some sound advice, and packed myself off to Paris, where my intensive studies began in 1923.

"The word Melba has come to mean more than an artist possessed of perhaps the most perfect organ of her day. It has come to mean crowded audiences, doubled prices, long packed lines of motor cars and carriages, rows upon rows of waiting footmen, flowers, emotions, a golden superfluity of money, and that touch of solemnity with which we crown our enthusiasm."

The above was written by Filson Young in 1908, and I quote it because I had a first-hand taste of this wonderful adoration when Melba invited me to sing with her at her farewell to grand opera at her beloved theatre, The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, June 1926. What a night on which to make a debut! Melba's last Mimi, and my first Marcello, a role that has remained one of my favorites through the years. How can one describe such a night, when the whole of England, from the Royal family down, had come to pay homage to another kind of queen! One will hardly ever see such a galaxy of notables and so many diamond tiaras in an opera house again. The atmosphere was charged almost beyond endurance, and at the end of it all the ovation with all its overtones of love, affection, and adoration, as only the cold English can bestow upon those whom they worship.

This, too, was the closing of an era, long called the Golden Age of Opera, which it was in more ways than one. Looking back, I realize how very fortunate I was to be able to peep into that world, for although only just beginning my career I heard and mingled with many of the great ones, at Melba's fabulous parties in Paris and London—Battistini, Chaliapin, Jean de Reszke, Tetrazzini, Mary Garden,

—*Courtesy of John Brownlee.*

Outside Melba's home: Browning Mummery (tenor), Dame Nellie, John Lemoine (flute), Mr. Brownlee, Claude Kingstone (manager).

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MOUSSORGSKY: Pictures At An Exhibition LAL 8266

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Titta Ruffo, and Maurice Renaud, who gave me several of his costumes, and coached me in the roles of Marcello and Scarpia. How things have changed since these great names reigned supreme in the field of opera and concert! One could devote pages to that question alone, but . . .

MY ASSOCIATION with Melba, from that early beginning in Australia, brought about a curious situation in connection with recording. At the time of the farewell electrical recording had just appeared on the scene, and the Gramophone Co. (HMV) put microphones in Covent Garden for experimental purposes, and unknown to any of us at the time got some remarkable recordings of the actual performance. Spurred on by this success, HMV was most anxious to have Melba record something under the new conditions, but, hating her old recordings as much as she did at the time, she stoutly refused. This is where I was brought into the picture, almost as a decoy—would I try and persuade the great lady, just as a souvenir for myself, to record a couple of the duets we so often sang together at parties in London and Paris! I persuaded, and to my great surprise and joy Melba consented.

How vividly I can still remember that day. When Melba was asked to stand up to this new instrument of torture, the microphone, the great *prima donna* was true to form; "How can anything good come out of that obnoxious looking box?" she exclaimed, as she stalked around the helpless microphone, while I stood by petrified, lest at the last minute she might refuse. She finally calmed down enough to agree to a test, and the result, when played back, so amazed her that she would not believe it, so we had to make another. By this time she was really excited. "For the first time I hear something of what I think my voice really sounds like. Why wasn't this thing invented before?" she exclaimed. As the excitement grew intense Melba, impulsive and always quick to make a decision, suddenly said, "John, we'll record the duets, and I'll also do a couple of songs." I felt quite sure that the Gramophone people there, who had been in on this from the start, would explode at this moment, but the good English calm prevailed. This is one Britisher, however, who almost lost it completely. As we stood there awaiting the signal to begin the duet from "La Traviata," the impact of this great event suddenly hit and almost bowled me over. There was I, a mere youngster of twenty-five, about to make a recording with the Queen of Song—my fairy godmother, the one person who, through her interest and guidance, had helped me more than anyone else to get where I was; do you wonder I was scared, and almost frozen to the spot! How it ever came out as well as it did, I'll never know, but I'm eternally grateful.

I well remember how much Melba was criticized for singing so many popular songs and cheap ballads, which she always included in her concert programs along with the operatic fare. The operatic arias provided the fireworks for the glorious voice and singer, and by that time, having the audience in the palm of her hands, she would caress them with the songs they loved to hear. She did not have to plumb the depths of *lieder*. Her public paid, and paid well, to hear what they wanted, and Melba gave it to them. Don't forget that she was a great showman who could make the simplest song seem like a big event, "Comin' thru the Rye," Tosti's "Goodbye," etc. When she sat at the piano and sang "Home Sweet Home," thousands of people went home happy, feeling THAT was the gem of the evening. Can one blame John McCormack for singing so many Irish songs, when his public clamored for more and more? Let us not forget the great singers of that era were all on very high pedestals with their audiences, and stout indeed would be the heart of one who set about loosening those pedestals. There was the occasion when Clara Butt was leaving for a concert tour of Australia and she asked Melba what she should prepare, lest the public taste had changed! "No," said Melba, "just sing 'em muck!" When this friendly advice unfortunately got into the press there was a terrific hullabaloo, and Melba was furious, but to the end, I'm sure, she never felt that she had to elevate the public taste.

In opera, I truly believe Melba strove hard for perfection. She studied many of her roles with the composers themselves: Marguerite and Juliette with Gounod, Manon with Massenet, Mimi with Puccini, and Desdemona with the grand old man himself. The story of how Verdi went to hear her sing in "Rigoletto," and went backstage to pay his respects, inviting her to his home where the day was spent, he playing and she singing through the whole of "Otello," is typical of that amazing era. I well remember many a lecture, during the preparation of the farewell for Covent Garden, as to how Puccini wished "Boheme" performed. That went for conductor as well as the rest of us.

Amongst the tremendous collection of photographs Melba possessed I recall one in particular, autographed: "To the greatest of the great, Arthur Nikisch." Melba had built herself a reputation with the way she sang certain phrases, and the first time she sang "Faust" with Nikisch at Covent Garden the famed conductor went backstage after the first act, kissed her hand, and said, "Now I know madame, why you are such a great artist." He had only heard her sing the phrase, *"Non, monsieur, je ne suis demoiselle ni belle, et je n'ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main."* Many an oldtimer at the opera in Paris and London told me that they would not miss hearing Melba sing that opening phrase for anything, she had a way of molding it with that incredible floating tone of hers, and it would leave them in heaven for the rest of the evening. Another phrase I would like to mention is the one *"Dite alla giovane si bella e pura"* from La Traviata. How many times I stood beside her as we sang this duet, just spellbound by the way this phrase would pour out!—the perfect diction, the beautiful blending of each note to the other in the ascending passage (heavenly *legato* in other words), then on the words, "un unico coraggio"— the way she would drop down to the "D" with such fullness of tone, such smoothness of scale, the like of which I have never heard anyone else do. Fortunately, you can hear this in the recording of the duet we made together in 1926.

TO RETURN to the subject of the early Melba recordings, I would like if I may to quote again from that article of Filson Young written in 1908.

> I fear that the gramophone, like the motor car, has come to stay. There is hardly a country house in England, in which, straying unsuspectingly into some tapestried

(*Continued on page* 53)

Dame Nellie as she appeared in "Faust."

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—Culver.

Hofmann, Lhevinne, Rachmaninoff, Gabrilowitsch, Paderewski—"time was when young people wrote poems to each other."

Schumann and Schumann Players

By ABRAM CHASINS

TIME was, and not so long ago, when young people in love quoted or wrote poems to each other. Nowadays, poetry appears to be written mainly by poets for poets. Once again we can observe an historic parallel in the descending course of romantic versifying and romantic music-making, for surely the poetic precision of Romanticism is a blind spot for most of our twentieth-century virtuosi.

In the pianistic realm, romantic playing suffers a high mortality through the absence from the concert scene of such artists as Paderewski, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Rachmaninoff, and Hofmann. Few indeed are the concertizing pianists who bring to us any lingering enchantments of the magical era. One therefore clings to remembrances and seizes upon every possible example of the nearly lost art.

Savoring some available disks of Schumann's piano music, I approached with particular interest a set of recordings issued several years ago in England by The Clara Schumann Society. It presents, according to the accompanying brochure, "authoritative renderings of Robert Schumann's pianoforte works by Adelina de Lara, who is the last surviving pupil of Clara Schumann to be actively engaged as a pianist." It is further unequivocally stated, "Listeners may notice certain differences in Adelina de Lara's interpretations. We are quite confident, however, in stating that where such differences are apparent, Adelina de Lara's interpretation may be taken as being the correct one."

Before I got a chance to get to the records, another arrived from Zodiac presenting teacher-pianist Carl Friedberg in Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood" and the "Novelette" in D, Op. 21 (LP Z-1001). The record-sleeve reads, "Carl Friedberg was a friend and pupil of Clara Schumann . . . and represents to us the last link with the great musical era of romanticism."

Somewhat shaken to be innocently caught in a musical conflict I retreated to my hi-fi set and to Miss de Lara's first record, which is a talk by the recording pianist on "Clara Schumann and Her Teaching." I heard recollections and impressions of Clara Schumann's pedagogic axioms gleaned from Miss de Lara's six years of study with the First Lady of the piano. The aphorisms were most familiar and reminded me that musical wisdom, like philosophy, has its own platitudes. They have become platitudinous because they are valid and because every decent musician in every generation practised them, mouthed them, and repeated them endlessly. We find Clara Schumann telling her students what Papa Bach surely heard from his mentors and told his pupils: "Be truthful to the composer's meaning. Remember the importance of tone, rhythm, and phrasing. Speed is a menace," and so on and so forth.

No one quarrels with that. Nor when Miss de Lara reports that her teacher urged students to play the piano with the tonal variety of the different instruments of the orchestra. But then we hear the gratuitous comment, "Schumann's keyboard music is extremely orchestral." This I find a *non-sequitur* and an unhelpful generalization. Second only to Chopin, Schumann was the composer whose musical solvent was the piano. His keyboard works outnumber the total of his other instrumental compositions. In his songs, the pianist and vocalist are at least equal partners. Schumann did not think orchestrally even in his symphonic works, which live through the luxuriance of musical ideas and despite their admittedly opaque scoring. His most successful instrumentation is to be found in the orchestral collaborations of his works for piano with orchestra.

A tradition is best revealed through an artistic result. Miss de Lara, however, made almost all of her disks at the venerable age (and rpm speed) of seventy-eight. The liabilities which accrue to executants in advanced years usually being those of impaired dexterity, I naturally did not expect much technical command. However, I did hope for some mature examples of tone coloring and fine phrasing. Imagine my astonishment to discover the playing of no less than the formidable Paganini section of the "Carnival" as full of facility as the quiet sections were lacking in expression and shape.

Mr. Friedberg, on the other hand, posed himself no technical complexities in the Schumann works he elected to record. The wisdom of his choice was demonstrated by a warm songfulness, sensitive delineation, and an energy that is remarkable in an artist past eighty.

In these records from the source's mouth, one has intentions rather than realizations to go by. But there is sufficient indication to leave one puzzled at such disparity in sheer artistic objectives from two pianists exposed to the identical authoritative influences. Is it, as Leopold Auer once said, "There are no great teachers, only great pupils"? I beg to be excused from reaching any conclusion, but I cannot withhold conjecturing that, to judge by Miss de Lara's own account of Clara Schumann's musical ideals, pupil and teacher must have lived through some pretty stormy sessions.

Continuing the quest for convincing interpretations of Schumann's voice, I proceeded to Clifford Curzon's re-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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THE AMEN CORNER

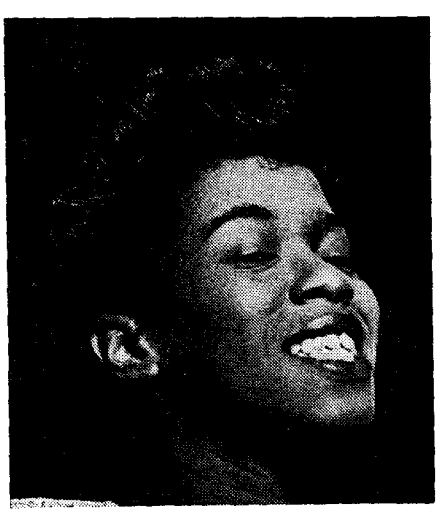
A Is for Armstrong

I HAVE a young jazz trumpeting friend, of the modern kidney, whose feelings have been hurt by Louis Armstrong's spoofing of the be-bop cult in his ludicrous version of "The Whiffenpoof Song" (Decca 9-29153). A short while ago my friend heard Armstrong in the flesh for the first time. I was rather timid in asking him about this experience, since my own sensibilities are none too hard-shelled, but I manfully bore down on the subject. "Well," my friend said, and he is a young man who has known something of the cares of life, "well, when he blew, he blew everything away."

If the meaning of this is not already clear, it may easily become so to anyone who will pick up Armstrong's wonderful new LP of eleven classics by the historic W. C. Handy (Columbia CL-591). The band is the small one with which Armstrong has recently been regaling the world; its outstand-performer, next to the leader, seems to me to be the trombonist Trummy Young, who is delicate in his background work and superbly brassy and strident in solo. The Handy blues are those having to do with St. Louis, Yellow Dog, Aunt Hagar, Memphis, Beale Street, Hesitating, and Atlanta (also known as "Make Me a Pallet on the Floor"). The other Handy numbers are "Loveless Love," "Long Gone," "Ole Miss," and "Chantez-Les Bas." Armstrong's playing shows the simplification of his style to its powerful, lyric essence which has characterized his best performances of recent years; and the singing of Louis and Velma Middleton is said to have reduced Handy to tears. I don't wonder. I cannot get out of my mind Armstrong's intonation of a single line from "Yellow Dog Blues"—"At last good tidings fill our hearts with glee." He will make you think so.

I have been reminded that no deposition has been made from this corner in the matter of the pianist Dave Brubeck, whose little chamber-jazz ensemble has been sweeping the country and attracting tons of national publicity. His new LP "Dave Brubeck at Storyville: 1954" (Columbia CL-590) seems to me to combine his quite special delights and his defects. A Brubeck performance has recently consisted, in the main, of two ingredients. The first is an improvised contrapuntal play between Brubeck at the piano and his alto saxophonist Paul Desmond (string bass and drums behind them). This is apt to be a very light, sensitive, charming show of inventive sympathy between two highly gifted men. (*cf.* the ending of "Gone With the Wind" on the new disc). The other main ingredient is piano improvising by Brubeck himself. While he feels out his deft running parts, full of subtle chord changes and modulations, I am usually with him and would, in fact, follow him into the wings. But he is also apt to build up to passages of loud chordal hammering which are certainly intended to achieve a musical climax but, for me, are simply chordal hammering (*cf.* "On The Alamo" on the same record). In other words, I have greatly enjoyed the Brubeck group when its playing is horizontal, linear, polyphonic, but I am wary of its leader's tendencies toward the vertical, and what might be called the pile-driving. As W. C. Fields used to put it: "A little pi-anissimo, professor, please."

A seductive example of the above is offered by the pianist Jimmy Jones in an LP which brings together the trumpet veteran Buck Clayton and the young pistoneer Ruby Braff, "Buck Meets Ruby" (Vanguard VRS-8008). The two horn men are excellent, with stylish support. Their jazz language is fairly conservative, but behind them Jimmy Jones keeps up a veiled, dissonantal piano with a silvery, distant, mesmeric effect which is quite unlike anything I have heard. I should say that he is frequently polytonal and sometimes atonal. Certainly he is very much his own man, and a captivating player. He was accompanist and arranger for the singer Sarah Vaughan during her jazz ascendancy. The Clayton-Braff combination also play "I Can't Get Started," "Love Is Just Around The Corner" and two swinging originals.



Sarah Vaughan—"jazz ascendancy."

A pair of the best modern trombone players are featured in "Jay and Kai" (Savoy MG-15038), the group consisting simply of themselves and a rhythm section. J. J. Johnson is a fantastically fluent player with fine inventiveness in the modern jazz idiom; some of his work with Charlie Parker in the past has overjoyed this department. And Johnson's partner here, Kai Winding, is full of talent. I especially like the two modern, up-tempo blues included in the program. The question occurs, however, whether these brilliant technicians are not asking the slide trombone to deliver too much in the way of rapid, staccato expression, when its real virtues are, rather, toward the legato.

I call attention to three singers of quality in different areas. Stan Wilson is a performer of folk songs and guitarist. In a crowded field, he is commendable for a gentle richness of voice and a purity of style. The latter appears perhaps most clearly in his exquisite handling of such a sentimentally hazardous song as "Scarlet Ribbons." A versatile fellow, he also does well with calypso. My only complaint is with the general mediocrity of his material; I would like to hear Wilson devote himself to folk and popular classics (Clef MGC-163).

Geoffrey Holder is a dancer from Trinidad who appears in Cole Porter's new musical, "Silk Stockings." He is also a darkly magnetic singer, and with his Trinidad Hummingbirds provides a program of Caribbean music, new and old. Despite the percussive use of water glasses and the backs of chairs, this is no crude operation; it is finished stuff, sophisticated in its vein. Addicts of the real back-country McCoy are warned off, but the fragrant, nocturnal LP can be recommended to urban tastes (Riverside RLP-4004).

Germaine Montero is a Parisienne, an actress who has specialized in the plays of Federico Garcia Lorca, the Loyalist poet executed during the Spanish Civil War. She is also a café singer, and now presents songs of the late Aristide Bruant, great friend of Toulouse-Lautrec. They are brief plaints concerning the turn-of-the-century criminal life of the Outer Boulevards of Paris. Several of them involve the guillotine, or, as its potential victims chose to refer to it, "the widow." The songs are as sadly intense as they are miniature, and they are sung to perfection (Angel ANG-64009).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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"Praise...owes its value only to its scarcity" —Samuel Johnson

IRVING KOLODIN

Music Editor
Saturday Review

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(As appeared in Saturday Review)

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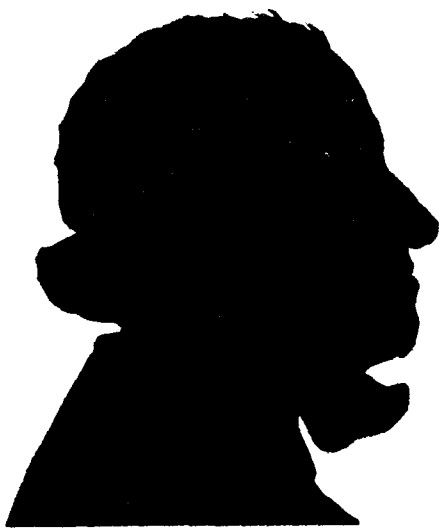
The Fifth Edition of "Grove"



Sir George Grove—"founding father of musical scholarship."

By IRVING KOLODIN

FOR the musical world, the appearance of a new edition of **"Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians"** (St. Martin's Press) (as the proud title goes) is equivalent to a royal birth in the land of which it is so distinguished a native son. In fact, one may say that it is even more singular, since the present version dated 1954 is but the fifth since 1878, in which seventy-six-year period the Crown has proliferated considerably more actively. Eric Blom, of many scholarly accomplishments, and critic of the *London Observer*, is Grove's new *paterfamilias*.

In place of the original four volumes, with an appendix, and the five-volume versions which followed (edited in sequence by Fuller-Maitland and H. C. Colles) plus an auxiliary American volume, the new treatment goes to nine much thicker volumes, is completely reset and redesigned, typographically, for the first time in three-quarters of a century. In place of the serviceable green binding of old, we are now favored with a sparkling blue, imprinted in gold. Illustrations may be described as lavish, and in this day of inflated costs for the most meager books, the unit price of thirteen-fifteen dollars per volume (depending on which mode of purchase is employed—$115 by subscription prior to the official publication date of December 31, 1954, or $127.50 thereafter) is, in the vernacular, a steal.

The question that immediately arises, of course, is: What kind of look does this Blom-descended child present? For those acquainted with his wonderfully concise and yet exhaustingly factual encyclopedia of music (pocket-Bible size) in the Everyman's Library Series, I would say, eminently Blomian. His passion for documentation has produced one feature in particular which distinguishes this effort from its predecessors. That is the detailed tabulation of the works of any universally respected composer, in the manner formerly limited to the giants—Bach and Beethoven. Brahms, Mendelssohn, Schubert (I admit them in the order revered by Grove, the founding father). Thus, in Volume I, embracing A-B, Bartok is thus documented, likewise Bellini, so one may tell at a glance—without mushing through the critical biography of the man's life and production—just when any work was written, to whom it was dedicated (if anybody), when published, and where first performed. A similarly exhaustive listing embraces Alan Dudley Bush (an English composer born in 1900 and unknown to me), Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Alexander Porfirevich Borodin. This usefulness for the day-to-day researcher can hardly be overstated.

On the whole, the disposition of space seems more in accord with realistic concepts of compositional values than was reflected in earlier editions when the Italian Antonio Vivaldi had a column-and-a-half and the respectable but unimportant Charles Villiers Stanford of England had six pages. Obviously, it is impossible finally to weigh, scalewise, the judgment of Blom in these matters, without living with the volumes for a year and exposing the contents to the test of daily usage, but the disposition of the big units of space—for Liszt, for Wagner, for Strauss, for Debussy—is well related to common concepts of their importance.

The large, embracing values being agreed upon—namely that Blom has done his staggering task in the true spirit of Grove, a founding father of musical scholarship, and called upon many persons of exceptional qualifications to assist him—one may proceed to a pin-pointing of other attributes.

For one thing, neither Ernest Newman nor Neville Cardus can be found among the contributors, though they are by far the most distinguished writers on music now living in England. No guide to pronunciation is appended to the entries, so that one looking at the biography of Schikander (Mozart's librettist for the "Magic Flute") would have no notion of how his name sounded. I note an interesting change of emphasis in this regard: earlier editions of Grove described Sir Edward Elgar as, "great English composer." He is now, merely: "English composer."

Some of the sketches are desperately short of currency in their content. That is, to be sure, the inevitable consequence of any treatment of living persons where a closing date precludes attention to "front-page" developments. However, the sketch of Aksel Schiøtz, for example, omits any reference to the affliction (brain tumor) and operation which interrupted this fine tenor's career, though it dated from the late Forties. The Bartok article does not comprehend the importance of the composer's last years in America, nor does the matter about Olin Downes, in which emphasis is laid upon his participation in the weekly Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, take cognizance of the fact that he gave them up—or *vice versa*—five or more years ago.

To read about the late Constant Lambert without encountering a reference to his contributions to the success of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in the United States is to doubt that either Lambert or the Sadler's Wells Ballet were properly appreciated in England. There are twelve pages on William Byrd and two columns on the great Danish composer Buxtehude, which makes one wonder if the previous compliment to Blom's objectivity in such matters might not have been, after all, premature. On the other hand, the treatment of Orlando di Lasso is amazingly extensive.

Sometimes the quibbles—if such they be termed—embrace larger areas and more substantial segments of the whole subject. It may seem an enlightened choice for Blom to assign the treatment of jazz to Hugués Panassie, whose informed voice has been welcomed in the columns of this publication. But aside from the dubious propriety of inviting a Frenchman to survey the panorama of so American a subject, one must wonder whether Blom, as editor, was aware of the wholly doctrinaire attitude of Panassie on jazz, in which black is black, and there is no white. To quote the immortal words of Eddie Condon, when he was asked his view of the Frenchman's equipment to discuss jazz, "Do we go over there and tell them how to jump on a grape?"

Such a statement as, "Benny Goodman's band having been launched with enormous publicity as that of the 'king of swing,' the public became accustomed to call swing any music

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played by a band consisting, like Benny Goodman's, of some fifteen musicians," is a dismal perversion of fact to stand on the library shelves of countless American high schools and colleges, accepted as "gospel in Grove's" for a generation of avid readers. The fact is that the band was not so launched, and acquired its admiring appellation from outside enthusiasts, and that many like-numbered bands of the time—Kayser's, Kaye's, Vaughn Monroe's, Charlie Spivak's, etc.—were not by any imaginative stretch regarded as "swing" bands. The statement, otherwise, is a model of accuracy.

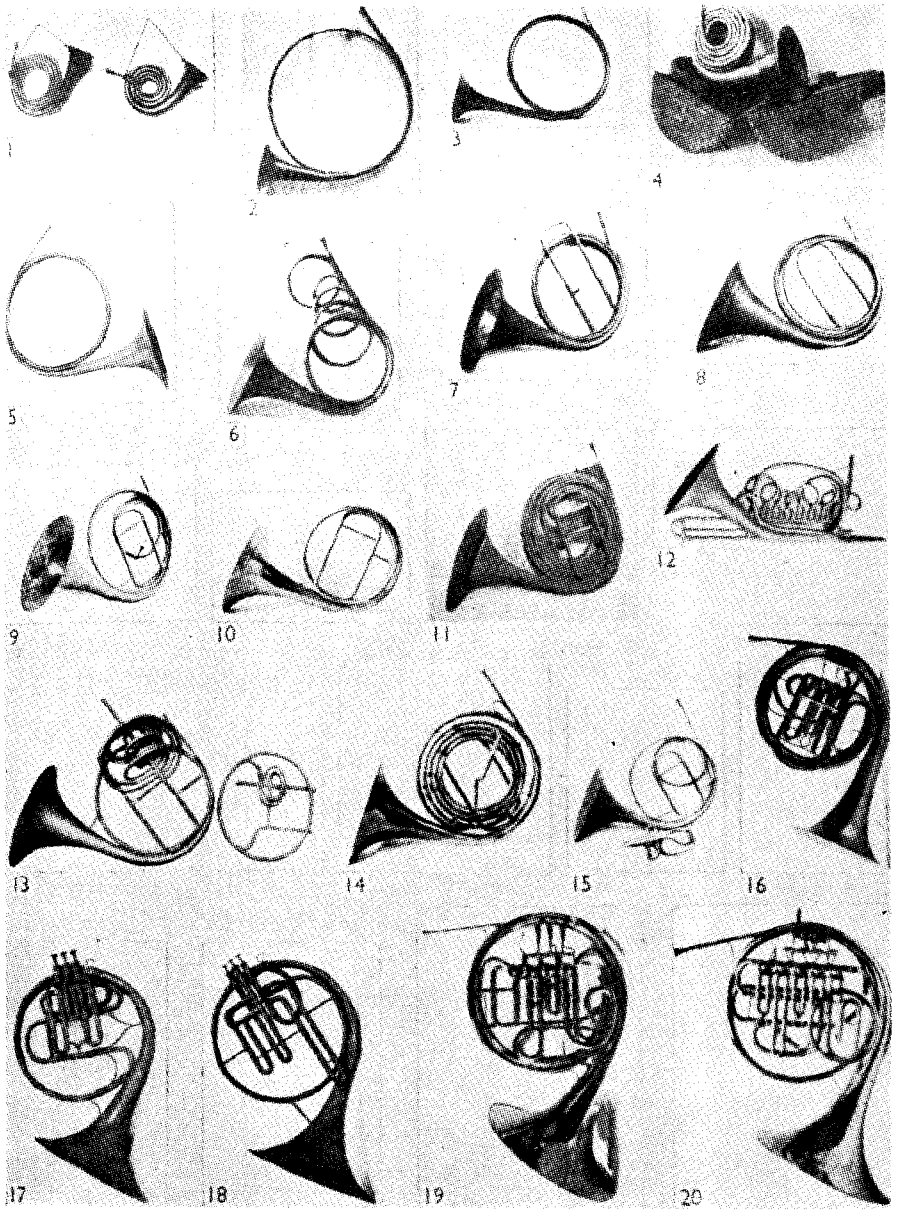
The editing of the American material, entrusted to Frances D. Perkins and Peggy Glanville-Hicks, is thoroughgoing, but more often warmhearted than cool-headed. Why there should be two paragraphs for Thomas Scherman and half as much for Fritz Reiner, I have no way of knowing, save on the theory that the great artist needs less recognition than the ambitious amateur. One runs into a detailed mention of a rather obscure pianist named Frank Mannheimer, but no mention at all of a very good opera soprano named Edith Mason. Contrariwise, Ljuba Welitsch never sang at all in this country, to judge from the present comments here, though she only attained world-wide repute at the Metropolitan. Nell Tangeman, a worthy but scarcely historic mezzo, has more space than Maggie Teyte, and Renata Tebaldi is conspicuously absent. Jennie Tourel is covered at absurd length by Martha Kingdon Wright, an "authority" otherwise unknown to me, but there are excellent sketches both of Toscanini and Beecham by Terence White Gervais, who is equally unknown to me.

On the whole, I would describe Blom's effort as a pretty typical product of the human factors therein commemorated—sturdy, wholehearted, vastly energetic, and, withal, well short of perfection. The exercise of judgment which resulted in the deletion of the magnificent essays by Grove himself on Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven in favor of others by Gerald Abraham *et al.*, may be argued in the editor's behalf because the original matter has been perpetuated in a volume individually available. But so many others have been deleted without being similarly preserved that persons now possessing the original Grove—and this goes for institutions, too—should on no account give it up, but retain it as a basic tool for which this new edition is an invaluable auxiliary, but still an auxiliary.

The hazards of scholarship being what they are, I can only extend a hand of brotherly sympathy for whoever entered the date of Wanda Landowska's birth as 1897, meaning that her essay "Sur l'interpretation des oeuvres de clavecin de J. S. Bach" established her as an authority on her lifelong absorption at the age of eight. If you pursue the thread of fact to the bitter ending of "errata," you discover that the real date of Landowska's birth is (in volume IX) 1877. But, to quote the legend of any well-advised concert manager, this is "Subject to change without notice."

Taken altogether, this vastly expanded version of the best series of books ever put together on the world-wide subject of music is a fittingly human monument to the all-too-human subject. I haven't mentioned, on the credit side, Frank Walker's magnificent summation of the production of Hugo Wolf, or the prodigious compilation of the innumerable works of Franz Liszt, or the fact that between Liber and Liberati there is no Liberace. The final fact alone, I think, is cause for congratulation, though I cannot help wondering why, in the treatment of the late Dinu Lipatti, there is no mention at all of his recordings, which are the sole source of living contact with him as a performer.

The probable, real answer is that Eric Blom is one person, not a syndicate, and that his editorial energies flowed into a dozen productive directions I have not yet come upon, let alone evaluated. He has supervised a difficult task with purpose, fidelity, and enthusiasm. I will be blessing him, daily I am sure, for years to come, while mumbling to myself, as surely, "Nine pages for Benjamin Britten? Four pages for Borodin? How come?" Thy will be done, thy kingdom come . . . in Borodin as in Britten. . . .



EVOLUTION OF THE HORN: From the *Jagdzimmer* (1; *c.* 1572), to the early horns with "crooks" (6; *c.* 1730), to the omnitonic horns (11-14; 1815-1851), to the first valve-horns (15; *c.* 1833), to the modern horns (16-20).

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Recordings in Review

Major Brahms D Minor

BRAHMS: *Concerto in D minor, opus 15. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM-1831, $5.95.)

THE long-standing notion that this is an impracticable, unplayable miscalculation on Brahms's part (to which the composer himself gave rather reluctant assent) proves, in the light of this accomplishment, one of those historic "verities" subject to revision whenever ample evidence to the contrary is presented. From out of dim memory, one summons a German critic's pronouncement that "Brahms is not for little girls." When two men have at it, and in every relevant respect this is a man-sized team, the outcome can conservatively be described as arousing.

Reiner's relationship to this work, recordwise, is not difficult to recall, for he had a vigorous hand in a well-regarded version (out of Pittsburgh) with Serkin on the Columbia label a decade or so ago. However, neither the manpower nor the technical advantage was in any way comparable to the stunning force of Rubinstein's pianistic powers or the way they have been integrated with the orchestra by Victor's engineers.

I have a substantial regard for the Curzon-Van Beinum version on London, and solid respect for the Serkin-Szell effort on Columbia, but both, it seems to me, are hard-pressed to match the pianistic requirements of Brahms, whereas Rubinstein is stimulated to conquer them. His version of the B flat concerto with Munch is certainly admirable; but that is, largely speaking, a "grateful" work which he can manage by a decent application of virtuoso effort. Here he has made an all-out attempt at the all-but-impossible, and come through magnificently.

The foregoing comments have to do, primarily, with tonal resources, dynamic range, and a superb sense of the structure of the work based on fifty years' study of it. One can imagine a performer with all of these attributes, but lacking the joyous force, the sense of fresh interest, and abundant eloquence which make this perhaps the greatest Rubinstein recording (I haven't thumbed over the whole list), and certainly one of the finest with orchestra, in the LP epoch. The pianist's grip on form and phrase is tight throughout, the orchestral performance, both in sum and detail, of the same order. Without laboring the point, I would say that the recorded balance is more clarifying of Brahms's purpose than anything commonly heard in the concert hall.

Homage a Diaghilev

DEBUSSY: *"L'Après-midi d'une faune."* SATIE: *"Parade."* PROKOFIEFF: *"Le Pas d'Acier."* GLINKA: *"Kikimora."* RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloe," Suite No. 2, etc. Igor Markevitch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Angel 3518-C, $17.85.)

IT IS, perhaps, too much to say that the remarkable literary and pictorial tribute that Angel has arranged to surround Igor Markevitch's conducting of music associated with the name of Serge Diaghilev is an instance of a pedigreed tail wagging a spotted dog, but it comes close to it. Inspired, in all probability, by the twenty-five year commemoration which was the theme of last summer's Edinburgh Festival, the consequence is a superb thirty-two page folio which ought to be on every bookshelf.

For its cover, it shows the Picasso forecurtain for "Parade," following which are offered large portraits of Nijinsky and Diaghilev, articles by Markevitch, the celebrated ballet "librettist" Boris Kochno (whose handwritten letter on the subject of Diaghilev has to be seen to be believed, so much like an Egyptian or other ancient hieroglyphic is it), notes on the ballets themselves by the eminent English authority Cyril Beaumont, a piece about Diaghilev and his painters by Michel Georges-Michel, and additional memorabilia, photos, designs, etc. too profuse to list.

This evocation of the Diaghilev influence is so impressive it is hard to imagine any musical counterpart that would measure up to it. Markevitch's, I regret to say, falls substantially short of balancing in sound what dazzles the eye in sight . . . no doubt because a single side "Swan Lake," another "Daphnis et Cloe" No. 2, a "L'Après-midi," or an "Invitation to the Dance" (basis for "Spectre de la Rose," of course) do not connote, in musical terms, what this magnificent spread of color does in theatrical. They are reasonably well-played, if not convincingly balletic in spirit, or with a style or individuality to make them "Diaghilevish," so to speak.

What is valuable is the inclusion of Satie's "Parade" music and Prokofieff's "Pas d'Acier" ("Age of Steel"), the latter not available for a considerable time. However, they are on separate discs, and purchase of the three records is, as of now, mandatory to obtain these items with the brochure. They are separately available, of course, in Angel's "economy" format, minus all the art work. Finally, if Markevitch is entitled to such credit as he earns with his musical work, the art director, M. Jean Berard, can hardly be allowed to be anonymous. He should get a Grand Prix du Folio, even if the offering does not qualify otherwise for a Grand Prix du Disque.

Beethoven for Bird Dogs

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F ("Pastorale"). Leopold Stokowski conducting members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM-1830, $5.95.)

AS THE affectionate if impoverished owner of a large, expensive-to-maintain Irish setter, I may happily report that he has finally begun to earn his keep. I refer to his critical reaction to the last few minutes of this enterprise, during which L. Stokowski delivers a short but nauseating lecture on Beethoven's "impressionistic interpretations" of Nature ("Na-Toor"), illustrated by birdcalls (nightingale, cuckoo, quail), brook and thunder . . . first alone, then superimposed on Beethoven's poetry. The dog responded keenly to the birdcalls, glowered at the thunder, and went to his water bowl to lap when the brook sounds came on. If the famous Nipper needs a stand-in, I can provide one complete with pedigree. This is not only hi-fi, but hi-Fido . . . or maybe, hi-ho-Fido. (Critically speaking, Ronnie gave it four growls.)

Otherwise, this affair has only nodding relation with the Beethoven symphony on which it purports to be based, the nodding being that indulged in by the listener while Stokowski meanders through the early episodes, preparatory to drumming the listener over the head with his heavyhanded treatment of the storm and thanksgiving hymn. According to the documentation, the actual brook was borrowed from a recording made in Labrador, which may account for the congealed, one word at a time, "This-is-the-house-that-Jack-built" progress of its musical counterpart. Further comment would be superfluous, save to say that the totality seems to be a channel job, in which sounds were gathered from the players through a variety of microphones.

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thereafter "edited" by the conductor, in defiance of any real musical proportions. I observe, by John M. Conly's annotation, that "Stokowski . . . is . . . the audio-engineer's favorite musician." But not, if I have any valid opinion, the numerous musicians' (of the NBC Symphony) favorite audio-engineer.

Lest there be any confusion about what is involved, I may add that the symphony is played through, entire, on sides 1 and 2, with the verbiage following. Any royalties unhappily resulting should, in honesty, be directed to the Audubon Society.

Rodzinski Redivivus

FRANCK: *Symphony, "Chasseur Maudit." Artur Rodzinski conducting the Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera.* (Westminster WL-5311, $5.95.)

THOSE who share my high regard for the musical capacities of Artur Rodzinski will be glad to hear that the hiatus in his recording career seems to have been bridged, with Westminster as the fortunate—or, perhaps it is more correct to say, the discerning—benefactor. There was, if I recall rightly, a period when he was supposed to be recording for Remington (*in re* the famous ban of Petrillo, now skirted by the fact that Rodzinski is no longer operating in America), but none of the products (if there were any) lingers in the mind to compare with the present one.

To go on record *again*, so to speak, about the Franck symphony must be a formidable task in self-discipline for any conductor. Rodzinski has solved the problem by working with the Vienna musicians in such wise that they sound like an orchestra long indoctrinated in his methods. As tends to be forgotten about his Philharmonic career, he has an instrumental palette as individual as Stokowski's or Beecham's, in which every strand of tonal detail has its proper place.

Is the result a great performance of the Franck symphony? Not as dramatic as Furtwaengler's perhaps, or as fine-grained as the Paray, it nevertheless has greater aural attraction to me than either for the purity and balance of the sound, the restraint and clarity of the musical proportions. The "Chasseur Maudit" is not as atmospheric an interpretation as the recent Beecham, but it, too, is a superior specimen of cultivated orchestral execution. Needless to say, these values would not be apparent had not Westminster's technicians done a skilful work of showing how different a Rodzinski-led Vienna State Opera Orchestra sounds from a Scherchen-led one. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Such B's as Buxtehude

AS THE bright result of a happy collaboration among composer, performers, and recording engineers, Buxtehude is the star of a mixed group of discs containing vocal music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Recorded in St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, by Helen Boatwright, soprano, the Choir of the church, knowing instrumentalists, and Howard Boatwright, conductor, Overtone 6, $5.95, provides two each of solo and choral cantatas by Buxtehude. That Helen Boatwright is a nearly perfect singer of baroque music will surprise no one who has heard her in person. I think that her singing of "Herr, auf dich traue ich" and "Singet dem Herrn" entitles her to the special niche occupied some years back by Isobel Baillie. Her charming, aptly-used voice beautifully carries out her enlightened intentions. Here she has been given sensitively understanding instrumental support by her husband, who conducts (and in "Singet dem Herrn" plays the violin). No less excellent are the two choral cantatas on the reverse: "Lauda Sion salvatorem" and "Jesu, meine Freude," with the choir's performance demonstrating Howard Boatwright's vitalizing insight into Buxtehude's meanings, manners, and methods. The recording itself is superb. This is small-company recording at its valuable best.

Another category of things altogether is represented by William Byrd's "Great Service" as recorded by the Chamber Chorus of Washington under the direction of Paul Callaway (Vanguard VRS-453, $5.95). This pioneer masterwork of English Protestant music is exceedingly long, a fact that demands great vitality of performance. I am not equipped to judge the probity with which Dr. Edmund H. Fellowes transcribed this work "for practical performance" and supplied undiscovered sections of the alto part. But I do not hear in this recording the exciting music evoked by David Randolph's excellent envelope notes. I find, instead, pedestrian singing devoid of intensity and lacking in musical passion, as well as a recording far removed from the best that can now be done with unaccompanied chorus.

The rapidly reviving reputation of Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634-1704) is handsomely served by two recent recordings. On Haydn Society HSL 102, $5.95, Louis-Martini conducts five vocal soloists, the Chamber Orchestra of the Concerts Pasdeloup, and the Chorale of the Jeunesses Musicales de France in Charpentier's "Magnificat in D" and five shorter pieces, notably a wonderful "Salve Regina" for three choirs and continuo. The "Magnificat," scored for five soloists, two choirs, and two orchestras, is a tremendous upthrust of genius. Here it is performed in a grand manner full of panoply and ringing sound. On Westminster WL-5287, $5.95, on the other hand, Charpentier's "Midnight Mass" is performed as a revel of jouncy charm, as befits a lively collection of Christmas carols, by the Ensemble Vocal de Paris, conducted by André Jouve. The Haydn Society recording is public, architectural, and auditorium-sonorous (with a few oversibilant s's, resulting from over-close microphones), while the Westminster is intimate, private, all but palpable.

The reverse of the Westminster Charpentier offers a Vivaldi "Gloria Mass" as edited by Alfredo Casella, who "repaired" the instrumentation and "reconstructed" the "Domine Deus" from "meager fragments." In this lively, often stirring work, M. Jouve tends to let the orchestra overwhelm the chorus, greatly to the detriment of the overall texture. The unspecified envelope annotator actually refers to Vivaldi's era (which was Bach's and Domenico Scarlatti's and Handel's too) as "the pre-dawn of musical history"!

ON THREE Oiseau-Lyre London records (OL 50023-4-5, $17.85), Bach's "St. John Passion" is recorded complete by soloists, the Kantorei der Dreikönigskirche of Frankfurt-am-Main and the Collegium Musicum Orchestra, conducted by Kurt Thomas. The third "St. John" to become available here in recent years, this one is surely unnecessary. It is comfortable, rather homey, and deeply marred by indifferent conducting, though the soloists, notably Sibylla Plate, contralto, and Paul Gümmer, bass, handle their rich voices well. The Robert Shaw-Victor recording, forcefully overconducted, erred in the other direction—and neither handling benefits this spotty, intermittently transcendent work. The Vox recording, made in Vienna, is still the most satisfactory "St. John" on the market.

Swinging between the antique-charming and the assertively beautiful is the Purcell music contained on another Oiseau-Lyre London LP (OL 50029, $5.95): "The Masque in Timon of Athens" and "The Fairy Queen." Anthony Lewis conducts sympathetically, but the soprano soloist (Margaret Ritchie) is no more than adequate. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concertos in A minor and E major. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Alfred Wallenstein conducting. Victor LM-1818, $5.95.	Though Heifetz is certainly a greater violinist than Barylli, the musical values in last month's Westminster issue of the same literature amounted to more under Scherchen than they do with Wallenstein. In addition to being excessively suave in solo sound, the recording area has been heavily draped, with dulling consequences on the reproduction.
Bartok: "Divertimento for Strings." "Two Portraits." Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Orchestra. Decca DL-9748, $5.95.	Fricsay's sympathy for the works at hand is a positive factor in the excellent qualities of the results, especially in the first, more moody of the "Portraits," which has rarely sounded as well. The performance quality throughout is first class, likewise the reproduced sound.
Bartok: Concerto for violin and orchestra. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler. L HMV-3, $5.95.	As an interpreter of music as contemporary as Bartok's, the late Furtwängler was a stranger to most of us, but he was no stranger to Bartok's thoughts. With Menuhin adding a decidedly dynamic influence (this is his second recording of the work), the outcome is quite clearly the best version now available, and, as well, one of the most successful collaborations by artist and conductor. Admirably full, vibrant sound.
Berlioz: "Benvenuto Cellini," "Beatrice and Benedict" overtures. Robert Denzler conducting the Orchestra of the Suisse Romande. London 1-9143. $2.95.	This maiden effort (to my knowledge) of Denzler introduces a conductor of ample authority but not too much personalized feeling about these works. A little greater spirit, more daringly chosen tempi would add interest to performances that are wholly competent, but not too absorbing. No fault can be found with the technical values.
Britten: "Variations and fugue on a theme by Bridge." Vaughan Williams: "Fantasia on a theme by Tallis." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35142, $5.95.	The overcalculated effects imposed by Karajan on Vaughan Williams's soberly reflective work make it, in sum, a collection of loud and soft passages without inner connection. However, the more external manner of Britten is fair game for Karajan's energy, his ability to make an orchestra play his way. The strings produce a superb sound, but the reproduction suggests a ceiling on frequencies in the interest of "mellowness."
Chopin: "Les Sylphides." Offenbach: "Gaité Parisienne." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-4895, $5.95.	The effort to make a Boston "Pops" of the Philadelphia Orchestra would have brighter chances of quick success if the conductor in charge were Arthur Fiedler. All of Ormandy's technical qualifications and the virtuosity of the orchestra cannot make a familiar thing of "Les Sylphides," which is neither sound Chopin nor good ballet music as here rendered . . . and even an "easy" piece has to be familiar to the players before it can sound convincing. The "Gaité" is substantially better, with the quicksilver woodwinds and incisive brass doing valuable things for Rosenthal's orchestration. This is sound as sound should sound.
Debussy: "Nocturnes" (3), "L'Après midi," and "Marche Ecossaise." D. E. Inghelbrecht conducting the Orchestre Nationale. Angel 35103, $5.95.	Recording of exceptional definition and naturalness won this a well-deserved Grand Prix du Disque from French reviewers. In terms of interpretation, it doesn't have quite the rhetoric and flair of Ansermet or Stokowski, but it has a musical integration well worth looking into.
Glazounov: "Valse de Concert, No. 1." Franz André conducting the Orchestra of the Belgian National Radio. Telefunken TM-68014, $2.95.	Gracefully rhythmic playing, very agreeable in sound and style. However, the overside "Fackeltanz" of Meyerbeer (something which might be called "In a Nineteenth-Century Pump Room," as it has to do with flaming torches and a royal marriage processional) is unbelievable trivia to be seriously performed and recorded. Well, too. Warning: this is No. 1. There are others. Beware. That is all.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 100 ("Military") and No. 102. Georg Solti conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL-1043, $5.95.	If this is London's answer to Scherchen, the comment must be: Finding for defendant. Solti has vigor and the recording is consistently excellent (London has made some new strides in reproducing massed strings in an ear-caressing way), but the nuances and subtleties that make a satisfying whole of isolated details are not yet at his command. The two finales come off the best, especially the Beethovenish one of No. 102.
Liszt: "Prometheus," "Mephisto Waltz." Karl Münchinger conducting the Orchestra of the Concerts Conservatory. London LL-1043, $5.95.	The unfamiliar work of this disc, "Prometheus," is typically "dramatic" Liszt, which means that it might, for the most part, be an unfamiliar section of the "Faust" symphony. However, one absorbing detail it does have: a climbing scale passage in the low strings (just before the fugue begins) which seems to me a pointed allusion to Beethoven's "Prometheus" ballet music as later used for the finale of the "Eroica." Münchinger handles the full orchestra as skilfully as his own Stuttgart ensemble, but the studio is a dullish one, the results therefore lacking in brightness.
Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML-4903, $5.95.	Schubert's second symphony has long been one of Beecham's most rewarding (for the listener) enthusiasms and he adds to it a rendition of the first—virtually unknown—symphony which will send new melodic phrases humming in many heads. It is a late Haydn-early Beethoven work that clearly shows the mark of the composer-to-be. Superior sound in both, and firm, flexible phrasing.
Stravinsky: "Sacre du Printemps." Igor Markevitch directing the Philharmonia Orchestra. L HMV-1, $5.95.	The need for still another version of this work, no matter how fine, would scarcely seem overpowering, but Markevitch does it so well, and the recording is so fine (though dating from 1951) that it must be given consideration along with the previous best: Monteux for musicianship, Dorati for powerful sound, Steinberg for a balanced combination of both. I still find more, consistently, to hear in the Monteux than in any other, but EMI's Abbey Road studio is a better recording area than Pittsburgh's Syria Mosque, hence a new "best" in blends.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D major. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Saxon State Orchestra directed by Franz Konwitschny. Decca DL-9755, $5.95.	Thanks to the skilled technicians of Deutsche Grammophon, Oistrakh now has a version of this work to his credit which gives him a place at close to the head of the class. However, that leadership seems to me still the property of Milstein and Munch, for with all his lyric and dramatic—not to say virtuoso—attainments, Oistrakh's bravura passages have a touch of "listen to this" ostentation, in which the orchestra is all but marking time. Tone is very good, if not hi-fifetz. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Pre-"Kismet" Borodin

BORODIN: *"Prince Igor." Polovetsian Scene (Act II Complete). Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre under Melik-Pasaieff.* (CRLP-10220)

A FEW years before Borodin died, when the West European musicians were "discovering" his music, a certain Countess Maria de Mercy-Argenteau, a wealthy Belgian patroness of art, took it upon herself to propagandize his works. Borodin let a whole year lapse before he remembered to answer her and eventually, somehow, even managed to correct some of her translations of his songs, but in reference to the arias and choruses from his opera "Prince Igor" said: "This is a Russian opera, written for Russians."

Borodin was not entirely wrong. Time has shown that outside of his native land the opera never did gain a place in the regular operatic repertory. Sometime during the eighteen-year period that Borodin was working on the score it was pointed out that the opera did not have an "idea"—short for ideology—like for instance Glinka's "Life for the Tsar" or Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff" and "Khovanchina."

The Second Act contains much of the best-known music from the opera—otherwise it would have been very disconcerting to have only the middle. But fortunately for this piecemeal edition it presents the most romantic episode of the story and the Polovetsky dances, of course. The love scene between Prince Igor's son Vladimir and Kontchakovna, the daughter of one of the Tartar Khans, into whose captivity the Russians have fallen, is beautifully sung by Valentina Borisenko (contralto) and Sergei Lemeshev (tenor). One can never hear the same tonal blending of such voices elsewhere, because the certain sweet texture of Russian tenors is as different as a blond is from a brunette. The Russian tenor is the blond.

Andrei Ivanov (baritone), as Prince Igor tormented by the defeat, and Mark Reizen (bass), as the noble and magnanimous conqueror, are as good as any singers who followed Chaliapin's famous performances. And as for the Polovetsky dances, accompanied by the well-known chorus of the Bolshoi Theatre, they should serve as an example to those conductors who in their zeal for barbarous effect exaggerate both the tempi and the volume. The "wild Tartar hordes" are perfectly projected in this restrained—as compared to some "foreign" renditions—but certainly authentic performance. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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JANUARY

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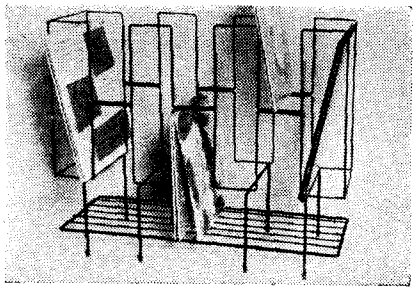

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: "For Children," Volume I. Sonatina. Geza Anda, piano. Angel 35126, $5.95.	Whether these pieces are any more suitable for children now than when they were written more than forty years ago is questionable, but Anda plays them perceptively and with good tonal variety. The "Sonatina" of 1915 is a more characteristic effort, and attractively tinged with a folk quality. Anda presents it simply and without affection. Very good piano sound.
Bloch: Sonata (1922). Handel: Sonata in E. Schubert: Sonatina. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Emmanuel Bay, piano. Victor LM 1861, $5.95.	Heifetz makes a satisfying musical entity out of the Bloch, providing the strongly outlined, well contrasted tonal values it requires. However, both other works are limited to well-sounding patterns to which the performer gives limited cohesion and meaning. The slow movements have a measure of vitality, but the faster ones are embellished with a good deal of "violinic" bowings and phrasings that are foreign to both Handel and Schubert. Bay has a proper place in the sound values of the Bloch, but an inferior one in the others. Acceptable but not outstanding recording.
Bloch: Quartet No. 3. The Griller Quartet. London LS, $4.95.	Another in the excellent series of chamber-music works Bloch has written since the war's end, performed with artistry and understanding by the Grillers, to whom it is dedicated. Fanciful yet in no way eccentric, it conveys the image of a man in full possession of his technical resources, and with much to say. Soundly balanced, live recording.
Castelnuovo-Tedesco: "The Dance of King David." Dario Raucea, piano. London LL-1033, $5.95.	This work of 1925 will be new to most listeners, as it was to me. It is a more than merely clever elaboration of some traditional Hebrew themes, with a good deal of melodic flow and coloristic values. It is engrossingly played by Dario Raucea, an Italian pianist now in his early forties who should be better known. The second side offers a selection of shorter works by Casella ("Toccata"), Granados ("Maiden and the Nightingale"), Albeniz ("El Albaicin") all well recorded, and outstanding as piano reproduction goes.
Duparc: "L'Invitation au Voyage," "Chanson Triste," "Extase," etc. Moussorgsky: "Songs and Dances of Death." George London, baritone, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Columbia ML-4906, $5.95.	London's voice is more than a shade dark and heavy for the Duparc material, and it is used with an excess of caution. The results are performances of immobility rather than flexibility, with no great interpretative meaning. The overside Moussorgsky cycle is much more suitable to his equipment, and he delivers it with considerable vigor, also what seems to be a reasonable command of the Russian text. Rather boomy recording, as if to build up a voice which doesn't need it.
Granados: "Goyescas." Jose Echaniz, piano. Westminster WL-5322, $5.95.	The qualities which made Echaniz a capable interpreter of Falla are not in as strong supply here, resulting in music-making that is more diffuse, not so well organized as it should be. Also, the color values are not particularly well rendered, the sentiment a little undervalued. Good piano sound.
Haydn: Quartets op. 76, No. 3 and No. 4. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL-5323, $5.95.	Both the "Emperor" and the "Sunrise" are splendid examples of the continuing quality in this series, in respect of reproduction as well as performance. Kamper leads with ample vigor yet with a fine feeling for Haydn's melodic line. Though the slow movement of No. 3 (with its variations of the famous tune which became Austria's national anthem) is more celebrated than that of No. 4, the latter is as fine a piece of music. Both are warmly projected by the able ensemble.
Haydn: Quartet in D ("Lark"). Beethoven: Quartet op. 74 ("Harp"). American Arts Quartet. Victor-Bluebird LBC-1073, $2.98.	It is gratifying to see RCA's inclusion of chamber music in its economy list of Bluebird issues, and the California quartet led by Eudice Shapiro is a musicianly ensemble with sound interpretative objectives. However, the players do not command the tone quality (due, perhaps, to inferior instruments) to compete with the celebrated quartet of the day, and the close-up recording lacks vibrance. In this context, the "economy" isn't all it seems. Perhaps reissues of now *passé* Pro Arte or other standard performances of earlier recorded quality would be preferable. No doubt consumer reaction will determine.
Mozart: Divertimento in E flat. Pasquier Trio. Haydn Society HSL-114, $5.95.	A prewar version of this great work (K.563) by the Pasquiers was much cherished for its integrated style and perfection of workmanship; hence it is gratifying to see them on discs again. However, the workmanship and control are inferior to what they were formerly, though the conception is as excellent as ever. Whether this is due to physical decline, wartime hardships, or whatever, the inexact intonation, occasional bad notes, and scratchy sound are not of the famed Pasquier quality. The microphoning is erratic, due perhaps to matching pieces from tapes of different "takes." This is common practice, but the conditions should be controlled so that the splices are undetectable.
Scarlatti: Sonatas Nos. 135, 163, 173, 274, 281, 282, 324, 379, 452, 466, 497. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Westminster WL-5325, $5.95.	It is time to stop temporizing and state flatly that the Valenti of this disc is a great artist; one who adds something of his own to such works as Nos. 324 and 173 (which follow each other on Side One) as Segovia does to his literature or Gieseking to his. With this free expressivity goes a rigorous sense of design which must make new friends for himself and for Scarlatti. The recording is an excellent blend of the stringy twang wanted from the harpsichord and a touch of brightness that adds to listening pleasure.
Schumann: "Fantasiestücke," "Faschingsschwank aus Wien." Karl Engel, piano. Epic LC-3070, $5.95.	Reasonably sound academic performances of Schumann, though with no conspicuous reasons why Engel (a performer wholly unknown to me) should have his ideas spread around the world. No more than casual qualities of beauty in the sound, and rather four-square phrasing. The processing is good.
Stravinsky: Three Movements from "Petrouchka," "Ragtime," "Serenade in A." Marcelle Meyer, piano. Haydn Society, HSL-113, $5.95.	The Meyer pianistic equipment is hardly what these vigorous arrangements of "Danse Russe," "Chez Petrouchka," and "La Semaine Grasse" require. (The younger Rubinstein was the memorable performer of them in my recollection). The overside "Ragtime" and "Serenade" are less exacting, rhythmically, and she comes closer to the mark. But no bull's eye. Fairly good piano sound, with some odd fluctuations of dynamics on the "Petrouchka" side. —I. K.

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Calliope by Cook

BACK in my student days the ambitions of most of my conservatory colleagues and myself were made to seem pitifully unimaginative by the grandiose dream of a fellow pianist: nothing less than giving a calliope recital in Symphony Hall. I can still remember the glee with which he pictured his truly sensational debut before a staid Bostonian audience, which surely would be dumbfounded when he strode onto the stage and (clad of course in full evening dress) threw a few shovelsful of coal into the calliope's firebox, tested the steam pressure with a few blasts, and then sat down at the keyboard to wheeze out a Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody!

Alas, my friend went on to more orthodox triumphs, but after many years his dream actually has been realized in part by another pianist, Milton Kaye, who may be heard—if unfortunately not seen—playing one of the few remaining calliopes (Cook LP-5010). There's no Liszt, though, for even the "Entry of the Gladiators" and the folk and popular-tune program here taxes the technical limitations of the ancient steam piano. But it's great fun.

The same praise is more or less applicable to the other releases in this Road Recordings Series, in which that indefatigable experimenter, Emory Cook, turns from strictly technical feats to some novel examples of *audiana americana*. Occasionally companioned by the roving folklorist, Sam Eskin, Cook ranges far and wide (and even from high to low fidelity as location-recording exigencies demand) in search of rare or neglected "sounds of our times." Next to the calliope disc, I relished most the Mexican Marimba Band miscellany, ironically sub-titled "To Hell with High Fidelity" (5007), the odd instruments and music featured in "Caribeana" (5003), and the strange Haitian drumming of Tiroro (5004). But other listeners may be equally fascinated by what to me were the rather tiresome Square Dances of Al Brundage (5006), the guitar blues of K. C. Douglas (5002), and the Texas jam sessions led by Red Camp (5005).

Several of the Road Recordings are suitable for "binaural" as well as normal reproduction, as is an added entry, "The Voice of the Sea" (5011), in which *Queen Mary's* whistle and various surf and harbor sounds combine to make a "demonstrator's delight" likely to rival Cook's earlier success, "Rail Dynamics." But fair warning: have your Mother Sill's Seasick Remedy close at hand before you start spinning along with the disc itself!

—R. D. DARRELL.

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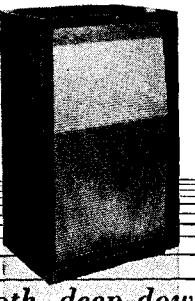

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

"Les Six" up to Date

THE FRENCH composers known as the "Six," who were honored about a year ago with a Parisian concert that is happily preserved on discs (Angel 35117-8), have enjoyed the advantages of typical twentieth-century promotion—the promotion every businessman knows to be essential to proffering new wares. But there have been disadvantages, too. Oversimplified slogans and misrepresentation in advertising are small cause for qualms once a commercial product is launched. They never cease, however, to visit themselves upon the artist, since he is constantly being revaluated. This is why Darius Milhaud was obliged time and again, like the author repudiating a publisher's blurb on the jacket of his book, to defend "serious music" against the claims of his group's literary protagonist, Jean Cocteau, who vaunted music of the circus and dance hall.

Milhaud's admonishments have not kept us from persisting for over three decades in a view of the "Six" as a gang of pranksters. The sleeve of an Angel LP (35133) containing Francis Poulenc's sextet tells us this member of the provocative French coterie is convinced music "never must be really serious." And Milhaud himself contributed much to the myth in works like "Boeuf sur le Toit" and "Création du Monde," which not only distil nightclub essences, but underline in their acid harmony the very impudence of bringing such matter into the shrines of "long-hair" art.

How utterly confounding it will be to those who turn for amusement to the album devoted to the "Six" and encounter instead, after an over-bubbling overture by Germaine Tailleferre (scarcely its most representative member), no trace of frivolity, but only the most noble, tender, and impassioned sentiments. The solemnity of the Prelude, Fugue, and Postlude from Arthur Honneger's ballet of 1931, "Amphyon," will be least surprising, since he long ago established a reputation for a monumental style which, if it seemed contrary to the group's aims, was explained away by Swiss origins that set him apart. In his autobiography Milhaud complained that critics "treated me as a legpuller and joker incapable of serious thought, but they regarded Arthur as both serious and profound"—and this notwithstanding Milhaud's occupation from 1913 to 1922 with setting the Aeschylus trilogy, "Oresteia," or his devotion to the hallowed pattern of the string quartet, in which medium he has by now written eighteen admirable works, the twelfth of which is available in a ravishing performance by the Quartetto Italiano, coupled on another new Angel LP with Debussy's quartet (LP-35130).

We are more accustomed now to Milhaud's substantial side and better prepared to receive him as composer of the full-fledged symphony of 1944 (his second) in this album. But how to reconcile the black funereal mood of the third movement with his youthful attack on Franck for *"le sérieux à tout prix"* and on Wagner? This should not be so hard to do if we bear in mind that Milhaud and his confederates did not disdain nineteenth-century Romanticism itself, but the empty, pompous mimicry of its most exaggerated attitudes. They realized all too well that its influence was strong, a threat to inidividuality. Drastic measures were needed to clear the air for them to start all over and develop an expressivity that was their own and at the same time distinctly French. Once the air had been cleared the most wanton products had served their purpose. Idle pose had been routed, and the works that simply thumbed their nose could be scrapped. A few years ago in Milhaud's presence I strummed a shimmy he wrote in 1920, whereupon he told me, "you remember things I'd very much like to forget." The words renewed their significance when I heard Cocteau's recorded speech, which goes with the album, for he mentioned only lyricism and nationalism as aims shared by the group, and said nothing of the old predilection for the circus and music hall.

When Milhaud inveighed against "the serious at all cost" he meant there is room in a five-movement symphony such as his, despite its deeply reflective slow part, for an easygoing, pastoral opening and a return to the pastoral mood (more luminous now) precisely where we need it as relief, after the third movement.

The album's finest work is Poulenc's "Sécheresses" (Droughts) of 1937 for chorus and orchestra. If the poems were inexcusably omitted from the brochure, their titles at least indicate the desolateness of the subject matter. We know from such remarkably sustained songs as "Sanglots" how eloquently Poulenc can handle tender words. Given more imposing forces, he has achieved a work of depth and power that is very moving.

THE most disappointing music is Georges Auric's suite from his ballet "Phedre" of 1950. Even the cantata of the group's long silent member, Louis Durey, surpasses it. Auric draws liberally on the hackneyed formulae that would seem to be stored in a public card-catalogue to which anyone (especially a Hollywood composer) may refer who wants to come up quickly with regulation music for stock situations. I had a similar impression from two other newly recorded ballet scores, Antheil's "Capital of the World" and Banfield's "Combat" (Capitol LP-8278). I find it hard to keep all three works apart in retrospect, despite marked differences of plot.

When I recall Auric's witty music for René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" I can only conclude that the grand manner is not for him. Yet his choice of "Phedre" for the 1953 concert of the "Six" is an admission that if lighter works, reflecting Cocteau's original ideal, are agreeable from time to time, a composer on important occasions wants to be represented by serious music. Indeed, a little of the French divertimento style goes a long way. Listening to Poulenc's charming sextet, even in the superb Angel recording by the woodwind quintet of Radiodiffusion Française, with Jean Francaix at the piano, I find myself after a while looking for something to do, content to have the music provide an agreeable background. This also holds for Francaix's wind quintet on the reverse side, with all its virtuosity in the handling of the medium.

Though not a member of the "Six," he pursues their aims more consistently than they themselves do, and his quintet is like a joke that goes on too long. His String Trio in C, lasting only half an LP side, is easier to take (Westminster LP-5316). Lennox Berkeley, whose trio fills out the side, is an English member of the same French charm school who succeeds, however, in spicing his harmonies to advantage. In this sense he seems closer to Milhaud than to Francaix. But Milhaud's harmonic density is quite special and gives the personal stamp to his music. Yet he is just as capable of relinquishing it now and then, while still preserving his individuality, as in the mild "Cheminée du Roi René" (1940), another work superbly recorded by the French radio wind group (Angel LP-35079). Pleasant as it is, I must admit it is overshadowed by the vitality of Hindemith's "Kleine Kammermusik" on the reverse side. —ARTHUR BERGER.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
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Donizetti's Elixir

WHAT would you most like to hear if you could hear any musical performances of the past? I should like to listen to Queen Victoria, then the Princess Victoria, singing the duet beginning "Voglio dire . . . lo stupendo" and singing the part of Nemorino to the Dulcamara of Luigi Lablache, the great Neapolitan bass—all this of course, in Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'amore." Nor did the young princess, who studied singing with Lablache for nearly a year and a half, confine herself to duets. She announces in her diary that she highly enjoyed, in what proved to be one of her last lessons, singing not once but twice the "pretty little aria," by which she refers to "Una furtiva lagrima." Like so many other operas our grandparents enjoyed, "L'Elisir d'amore" has also done very well for itself since operas began filling microgrooves. Done several years ago, and nicely enough, thank you, on Cetra, it appears now on Victor's LM-6024, in really resplendent form. In sound it has an edge over the older set, and in Margherita Carosio it has an Adina of great and polished charm. Her voice is one I have long admired, and its absence from our opera houses is one of a list of absences that have kept our Italian coloratura wing from showing off Italianate style and resonance for more than a few years past.

As anyone fortunate enough to know Carosio's "Addio del passato" knows, she is no thin-voiced soprano giving her all on notes two leger lines or more over the staff. She is a lyric artist of distinction and her Adina abounds in proofs of an art not unreminiscent of Toti dal Monte. Opposite Cetra's Cesare Valletti, the new set places Nicola Monti. And Monti can sustain the competition handsomely. I should say that he is only slightly less poised in the subtlest vocalism. For Belcore, Tito Gobbi, who can be rough in his singing when he wants to, is appropriately burly and superb. And, in Donizetti's equivalent of Rossini's "Dottore della mia sorte," comes the skilful and thoroughly apposite singing of Melchiorre Luise, known from his Met days. His "Dottore enciclopedico," early in that great aria, "Udite, udite, o rustici," is a masterpiece. Gabriele Santini conducts the Royal Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra in the niceties Donizetti gave both forces. In view of Victor's putting the opera on two discs, where Cetra took three, with handsome notes and full bilingual text, this ranks as tops among "Elisirs" on record, and as one of the most enjoyable operatic sets to be bought today.

—PAUL HUME.

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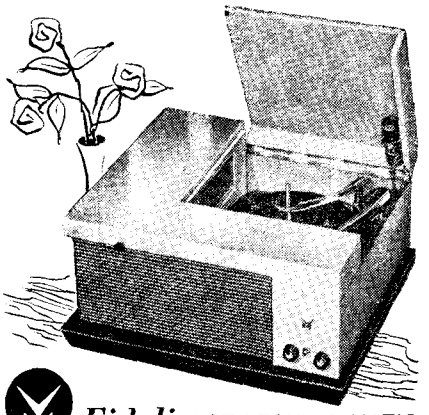

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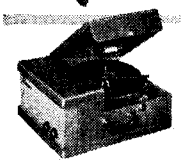

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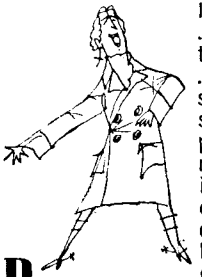

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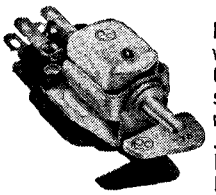

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All Boris, No Bores

By FRED GRUNFELD

IN FORMER days a record clerk's face would light up with recognition if you asked for the Alexander Kipnis "Boris" album; Victor M-1000 was a number even the most absentminded salesman could recall. It was a memorable issue in other respects too, but after LPs pushed 78s off the shelves it seemed very unlikely that the set would ever reappear in microgrooves. For one thing Victor had committed itself to a pair of substantial new Godunov's: Boris Christoff, who has easily attained the highest power among current interpreters of the Czar, heading a splendid full-length production made in Paris under Issay Dobrowen; and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, the strong man in a set of excerpts conducted by Stokowski and designed mainly for lush sound. In addition, the "Treasury" series offered a collection of historic Chaliapin discs. (Columbia's Pinza LP, in Italian, is a pleasant souvenir of old Met evenings but can't be called serious competition.)

It was hardly to be expected—in fact company officials often denied—that a fourth "Boris" would be added where such a plenty already existed. Among the initiate, lingering hopes for a Kipnis revival had been finally shattered when the Stokowski version was issued with the same cover picture that had once adorned M-1000, a portrait of Kipnis in the accoutrements of coronation. Undecided whether to be amused or dismayed, many rushed out to buy any copies of the old album they could lay their hands on.

The effort was vain and premature. This month Kipnis sings out again as Boris on the low-priced Bluebird label, a bargain if I ever heard one. Reproduction has been decidedly improved during the transfer; the flexible strength of his singing is more impressive than ever. Everything is present and accounted for: the Prologue, Coronation Scene, Varlaam's Song, Act II Monologue, the Shuisky Duologue and Clock Scene, and Boris's Farewell and Death. All Kipnis has lost is his picture. (The new cover sports an old engraving.) Thus the present Boris situation on LP presents a rosy aspect indeed. Never has one role been served so well by so many.

Alexander Kipnis as the great Tsar.

Not long ago, when the Met had three basses alternating in the title role, Irving Kolodin tells me he suggested that the management might do well to use each in a different act. (A special kind of good enough gala, of course.) The *compleat* Moussorgskyite, employing a similar technique, can put together from records an all-time composite "Boris" such as dreams are made on. Chaliapin, at twenty-five the first to sing the name part in the Rimsky-Korsakov arrangement that put the opera back into circulation, remains its most awesome interpreter on records, though they were made when, by his own admission, he was well past his vocal prime. His work is a study in black and white. Even in these antiquated discs his terror takes on truly supernatural dimensions; in the agony of his guilt he draws no line between song, speech, and sigh. This is as the composer would have it, and Chaliapin is my clear choice for the Death and the Hallucination.

Kipnis, in fidelity still quite acceptable by today's standards, builds the Czar's character in warmer tones and with an unerring sense of phrase and timing. He excels in that Boris who arouses our sympathies, father Godunov the family man—we'll need him for prayers, paternal blessings, and a nursery interlude. Christoff, spaciously reproduced and in the full flower of his vocal manhood, is the ideal *boyar* about to be crowned, a Boris still vigorous and self-contained though already filled with foreboding.

Such are their finest moments, but this is not to say that any of the three is less than convincing at other times. Christoff, in addition, doubles in two other major bass roles—not always with the best results, since we reasonably expect considerable contrast in timbre between Pimen, with the pious wisdom of a Father Zossima, and Varlaam, the comic minister-at-large with tattered portfolio. Christoff does use his voice as a striking instrument of theatre, but even he cannot establish a real distinction between Boris and Pimen as they come face to face (and where their music overlaps).

OF COURSE the crowd, not the Emperor, is the real protagonist of the drama, a fact one can more readily appreciate in another "Boris" on LP. The Bolshoi Theatre production recorded in Moscow and released here by both Period and Colosseum suffers from general unsteadiness among the leading singers, but the chorus is quite another matter. These might be some of the selfsame "characteristic peasant women and typical peasant men" whom Moussorgsky watched and overheard, while "Boris" began taking shape, in hopes that "they may all come in handy." The Bolshoi choristers sound no less spontaneous than some I've heard in documentary recordings of Russian folk singers; they learned the rhythms in the cradle.

In the Kromy Forest Scene, they whistle, shout, stage a revolution. Their Parisian counterparts enunciate very clearly. Poor as it is technically, the Soviet recording has another point in its favor. The Simpleton's role is taken by the Bolshoi's leading tenor, Kosslovsky, who proves in wailing, haunting tones how well Moussorgsky succeeded in his aim to let music express "the sounds of human speech in its finest shades as the external manifestation of thought and feeling." Such support can't be found in other issues, and the conclusion is inescapable: on records at least, a good Boris is easier to come by than a good chorus. Here, however, are prime pickings for the discophile who will not settle for less than perfection, and may well achieve it synthetically.

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Melba and I

Continued from page 37

gallery, or some vaulted hall, you are not liable to be confronted by the sight of a monstrous trumpet, sitting on a table and emitting, after initial rasp and buzz, the loud nasal travesty of Melba's heavenly voice. It is true, however, that there are few singers or performers of any great eminence who have not sung or played into the gramophone, and in doing so have not committed the sin of blasphemy, but I think that no one has done so much to make that deadly instrument popular as Melba has done, and therefore she is the greatest sinner.

I have been fortunate enough, lately, to be able to listen to a great collection of Melba records belonging to a good friend. Played with the equipment of today, there is undoubtedly a lot more fidelity in those old recordings than was suspected years ago, and they at least give to the present generation some idea of what the Melba voice sounded like. I have chosen a few, in chronological order of recording, which I think are good examples of the great art that was Melba's:

"Se saran Rose" (1904): Shows off the wonderful coloratura.

"Jewel Song": "Faust" (1905): A good example of the perfection of her scale, always likened to a string of pearls, the brilliance of her roulads, and the famous trill.

"Aubade": "Roi D'Ys" (1906): This is the tenor aria in the opera, but Melba sings it with great *elan* and a different ending, probably arranged for her by the composer.

"Mi chiamano Mimi" (1906): A very good recording of the true Melba quality, with the luscious tone.

"Voi che sapete" (1907): Here is the perfect Mozart style, the clean attack, the smooth legato, the shaping of phrases, all so natural and easy to her.

"Salce, Ave Maria": "Otello" (1910): These are also good records of the Melba voice in one of her favorite roles. I could not help comparing these with the ones made at the farewell.

"Vissi d'arte": "Tosca" (1910): Shows well her dramatic quality as well as that glorious legato.

"Depuis le jour": "Louise" (1913): I particularly liked an unpublished one which shows so well the perfection of her voice control and production.

"John Anderson, my Jo" (1913): This simple little song is a good example of her enunciation and projection of words.

Melba made a great number of records, recording certain items over and over again. One must remember of course, that recording was in its infancy and that the quality of the sound reproduction varies through the years, no doubt due to experimentation. There are also some startling blemishes, giving the impression that Melba "hooted," a thing I can assure everyone she was never guilty of doing, any more than the variance of pitch—these must be due to technical difficulties of the time. No, the great singer who was called "Madame Stradivarius" by Jules Massenet could never have committed such atrocities.

MELBA was a lyric soprano, but her technique was such that she sang all the famous coloratura roles as well, and the voice had a certain fulness, so that she ventured into other fields, not usually associated with the lyric, *per se*. She sang Aida at Covent Garden, numerous performances of Elsa in "Lohengrin" throughout the world, including the exciting days of the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. I remember the story of how she learned the role of Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" in three days. One morning at breakfast she read an announcement in the *New York Herald* that she was to sing Elisabeth the following Friday, but instead of calling the Opera House and refusing, as she did not know the role, she sent for a repetiteur and learned it. Incidentally, the point of the story was by way of advice to young singers —what you learn quickly you easily forget. While she got through the first performance very well, at a repetition three days later in Philadelphia she had a dreadful time remembering it all. Melba also had a burning desire to sing Brünnhilde in "Siegfried," and in spite of all Marchesi's warnings not to do it she went ahead and sang it at the Metropolitan—once. That, she used to say, was her worst mistake.

Melba's career began in Brussels in 1887, after a year of intensive study with Madame Marchesi in Paris, and ended in London in 1926, at the age of sixty-seven. It was simply amazing how little toll the years had taken of that glorious voice, so much of the old beauty and steadiness of tone was still there. The proof of all this is in the unpublished recordings actually taken during the performance. Very few will be fortunate enough to be able to hear these records, I know, but the same qualities are in the two duets we recorded together, and which were published, along with the two songs done at the same time, "Clair de Lune" and "Swing low, Sweet Chariot."

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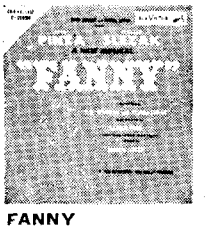

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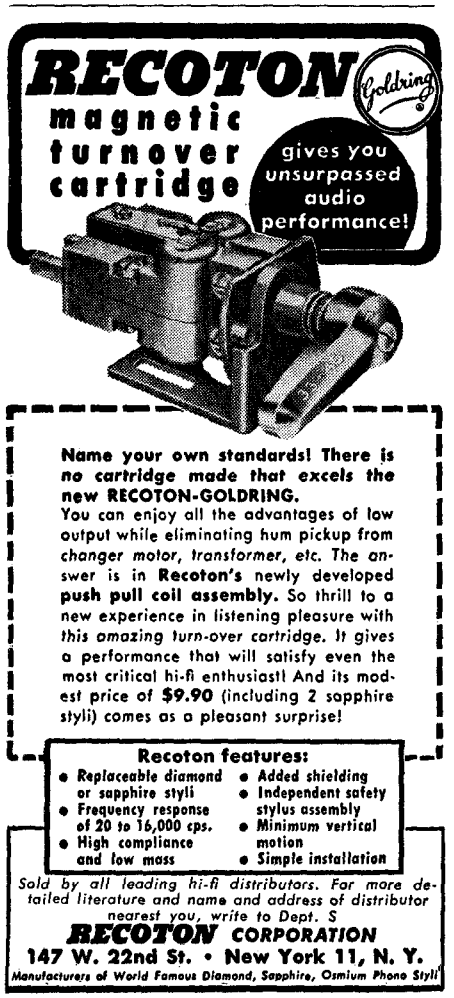
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THE OTHER SIDE

TOURING YEOMEN OF THE USSR

LONDON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the European Defense Pact, these islands have during the past few weeks been subjected to a veritable invasion by groups of athletes, footballers, dancers, and musicians from the Soviet Union. This is the third successive winter that Russian musicians have visited Britain, but the latest of these "cultural delegations" has been especially notable since it included, in addition to some splendid dancers, fine singers, and a leading string quartet, such outstanding figures as composer Aram Khachaturian and violinist David Oistrakh. Indeed, seldom can London have had so much to offer to students of the violin as this November: it was possible within the space of little more than a week to hear and see in action Stern, Heifetz, Szigeti, and Menuhin, as well as Oistrakh.

We have been able to study the great Russian virtuoso in recital and in the concertos of Brahms and Khachaturian (at the time of writing a further concert, which will include the Beethoven and Tchaikovsky concertos, is still to come). In the latter work the Philharmonia Orchestra was conducted by Khachaturian and, quite apart from the interest attached to so authentic a performance, this was among the most dazzling exhibitions of fiddling it has been my lot to overhear.

Simultaneously with Oistrakh's public appearances, several recordings by him have at last reached the British market, the first to be issued here for over a decade except for Supraphon's Glazunov Concerto. The Brahms Concerto and Bach's F minor sonata, coupled with the Schubert Duo, will already be familiar to many readers since our Monarch discs are presumably descended from the same Russian tapes as the Vanguard and Period records of these works: the recordings are somewhat primitive and, in the Brahms, the orchestral playing leaves a good deal to be desired. Fortunately the Beethoven Concerto, which Oistrakh recorded for English Columbia (Angel), not only shows us the violinist at his magisterial best but also receiving admirable support from the Stockholm Festival Orchestra under Sixten Ehrling—a beautiful recording. (If the Sibelius Concerto, said to have been put on tape at the same time, is of comparable excellence, it should certainly be worth a very appreciative hearing!)

Records from Decca's November list are still arriving and these include a number of works by the great Danish composer, Carl Nielsen, whose music is beginning to enjoy considerable favour in this country. The orchestral works—Fifth Symphony, "Maskerade" Overture, Flute and Clarinet Concertos—are all conducted by Thomas Jensen; Mogens Wöldike directs three Motets for unaccompanied choir and a composition for organ, entitled "Commotio," is played by Georg Fjelrad. The admirable Vienna Octet, which made its bow some years ago with an SP set of Schubert's Octet, now repeats its suave and enjoyable performance for LP, two of Haydn's greatest symphonies—the "Military" and No. 102 in B flat—are played in brisk and workmanlike fashion by the London Philharmonic under Solti and, despite some ragged patches, Handelians will enjoy a lively account of the complete "Water Music" by the Boyd Neel Orchestra, conducted by its founder (who is rarely heard in Britain these days since he spends most of his time in Canada).

TO ROUND off an uncommonly adventurous consignment, we have a concert of early vocal music and a disc of contemporary English chamber music. The former contains some thirteenth to sixteenth century "Laudi," two Responsories by Victoria and works by Palestrina; it introduces for the first time a remarkably fine Italian group, the Quartetto Polifonico, consisting of two tenors, a baritone, and a bass. The other record features Frederick Grinke, one of our most accomplished violinists, who has done yeoman service in the cause of present-day music. He plays Edmund Rubbra's Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano and the Sonatina for Violin and Piano by Lennox Berkeley, assisted by the composers, as well as Berkeley's "Theme and Variations for Solo Violin"—an interesting coupling which contrasts two composers of utterly divergent personalities.

Decca's production figures of the past few months must be truly astonishing for, judging from the number of records I have received for review, its factories appear to be turning out more LPs than those of all the other companies added together.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Schumann Players

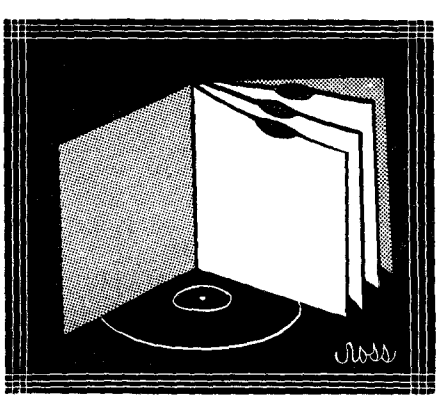
Continued from page 38

cording of the "Fantasie in C" and the "Scenes from Childhood" (London LL-1009). In the spacious "Fantasie" Mr. Curzon plays the first and third movements with his customary sensitivity and decorum, full of ingratiating musicality and quite removed from intensity and cohesion. He constantly confuses slowing down for expressiveness and so loses the rhythmic pulse. Schumann's passionate and pleading cantabiles require a freedom which is basically steady without being rigid.

In the enormous palette of the heroic middle movement, Curzon properly dons the giant's robe. It swims on him. His treatment of the biting sixteenths as airy grace-notes devitalizes the scheme. No characteristic identifies Schumann more than his addiction to a rhythmic pattern and the persistence with which he will use it, and the dotted-note vigor of this movement is one of its essential features. The "Viel bewegter" coda emerges with scarcely more animation or agitation than the main body.

The "Scenes from Childhood" require less temperament and virtuosity, and are endowed with greater ease and better planning. I have little doubt that Curzon's interpretations of Schumann are among the best to be heard today. And no fact could demonstrate more poignantly how foreign, even to some of our leading performers, is the subject matter of the Romantics.

Next on the agenda was the Westminster release of Joerg Demus and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski in the piano concerto, "Konzertstück," Op. 92, and the "Introduction and Concert-Allegro," Op. 134. Demus starts out immediately in the opening solo passage of the concerto by treating the vital dotted-eighths and sixteenths as a series of tired triplets. Hearing the distortion of so organic an idea, one suspected a case of miscasting. Each revolution of the turntable corroborated the suspicion. Rhythmic flaccidity is substituted for evocation. Melodic lines are mooned over and finally go dead. Passionate sections sound labored. There is even an insufficient mechanical control in a piece which certainly does not require a super-virtuoso equipment to perform with a reasonable degree of accuracy. Most lacking, however, are lyrical urbanity, a precise sense of motion, and urgency.



As for the "Konzertstück" and the "Concert-Allegro," the same interpretative *lacunae* prevail. Regarding the works themselves, I see little point in defending them as flawless gems or in attacking those who believe them to be among Schumann's less inspired works. Even in those scores in which Schumann's aberrations are glaringly apparent, the fact remains that his imagination was always equal to the invention of ardent material, regardless of his power to organize it. Personally, I am moved by many themes and phrases in both works, but I must admit that neither composition ever quite holds my attention throughout.

Mr. Demus breathes no life upon them. In fact, I cannot quite comprehend why a musician should want to play a repertory which so escapes him, so stymies him. As for the orchestral contribution to the proceedings, I kept thinking of Koussevitzky's immortal comment at a Boston Symphony rehearsal: "Gentlemen," he said simply, "the ensemble is not together." The value of the recording lies in making available two heretofore neglected compositions by the ultra-romanticist.

It remained for Artur Rubinstein to represent and communicate Schumann's art with irresistible humanity in his recent recording of "Carnival" for RCA Victor (LM 1822). Although this recording does not show Rubinstein at his fullest technical brilliance, there is ample compensation in his complete expressivity. His melodies have tenderness, nobility, and motion. He discerns the fundamental rhythm of a piece and any deviations from it are so perfectly balanced that all parts, meditative and passionate, emerge as exquisitely blended elements of a single continuity. His harmonic sense makes an emotional adventure of each crucial modulation. Rubinstein is a *grand seigneur*. His playing says something. It speaks, and always with poetic and rhythmic unity.

To cite some differences of interpretative opinion, some sticky passages or faltering figuration, is to quibble in the face of such stylistic authority. Here is a cultured and courageous man, a knowing craftsman and a creative dreamer. So was Schumann.

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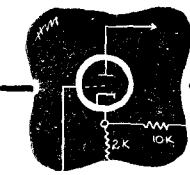

SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Chromium-Plated Vulgarity

IT WAS James Gibbons Huneker who, years ago, sharpened the dulled teeth of an ancient saw, "There's no disputing tastes," by the biting addition "—with the tasteless!" Yet even Huneker himself, if he were alive today, might be baffled by the Herculean task of clearing a path through the tangled underbrush of tastelessness which is springing up in the No Man's Land where the boundaries of engineering, esthetics, and commercialism overlap in the contemporary world of sound recording and reproduction.

I like to think that the Old Master of invective, as well as of enthusiasm, would have considered present-day record makers a new species of musical virtuosos—with all of their predecessors' generic skills, and the same inherent susceptibility to the misuse of their powers which invariably results when technique and taste are confused. I am sure that he would be amazed and delighted by these new virtuosos' complete mastery of means, but I am even more confident that he would be impelled to speak out boldly against the vulgarized ends.

Novel as many of the current lapses from good taste might seem to him, he would, I think, recognize that in general they follow the classic pattern first set by the performing virtuosos of a century or more ago. Beginning with an innocent and legitimate desire to command enhanced dramatic effectiveness, the trend moves inevitably towards excessive vehemence and ever more polished "popular appeal." Essentially this trend introduces no really new elements; it first distorts and eventually grossly cheapens the most familiar and characteristic qualities of the music involved.

Personally, I refuse to worry overmuch about the crudest and most unabashed revelations of this tendency, for such current manifestations of tastelessness as masterpieces butchered into tenderized bite-size servings ("Listeners' Digests," and the like) or over-embroidered fancy-dress "arrangements" of popular and folk materials (from the lush *ateliers* of a Dior-minded Kostelanetz, Mantovani, or Melachrino) never can have any great or lasting hold except on the esthetically infantile segments of the musical public—enormous though those segments may be. Nor am I greatly disturbed by the fashionable current emphasis on disc-"packaging" enticements, for the lapses from good taste are not too frequent or serious here, and many of the "de luxe" albums, "old-master" illustrations, and encyclopedic booklets are legitimate and sometimes admirable promotional devices. What bothers me most is the too-frequent perversion of great music itself when virtuoso interpreters and engineers run wild in the quest of distinctively "different" and "sensational" presentations of familiar materials.

Examples of such "perversions" are not too hard to find today. Berlioz is only one of the outstanding victims: listen to some of the recent recordings of his "Symphonie fantastique" and, if you survive their unquestionably exciting first impact, ask yourself how often you want to rehear such exaggerations, if not distortions, of the original score, or what genuinely rewarding new illuminations of Berlioz's genius they offer.

But no one composer is an exclusive sufferer. Listen to some recent opera recordings and ask yourself whether in any seat in any known opera house you ever heard comparable tonal balances between soloists and orchestra. Or try out certain recent chamber-work discs and ask yourself whether the kind of "chamber" the recorders reproduce has any natural relationship with the rooms or auditoriums where you have been accustomed to hear "live" string quartets and other small ensembles.

THERE are still many true artists who steadfastly respect the canons of esthetic taste, reveal a sure sense of appropriateness in their application, and infallibly remember that every musical composition makes its own special technical and environmental demands. Stravinsky, in recording his own music and through the sympathetic aid of his co-workers, has consistently insisted on the acoustical "dryness" required for perfect linear clarity, whether or not popular taste prefers reverberations unwanted in his music.

For another timely citation, Peter Bartók's current album-set (BR-308)

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RECORDINGS SUPPLEMENT

The Saturday Review—January 15

of his father's early "Wooden Prince" ballet strikes me as one of the finest examples I know of an impressionistic-music recording in which the powers of wide-range techniques are employed so discreetly that they enhance rather than destroy an evocative tonal atmosphere. And while not all composers are skilled or lucky enough to record their own works or have them recorded in such ideal fashion there is no lack of comparably gifted interpreters and engineers capable of performing similar feats, provided only they are given the chance—and a properly appreciative audience.

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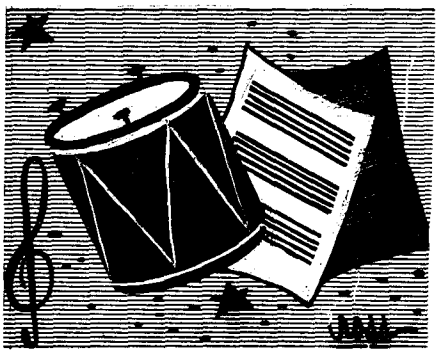
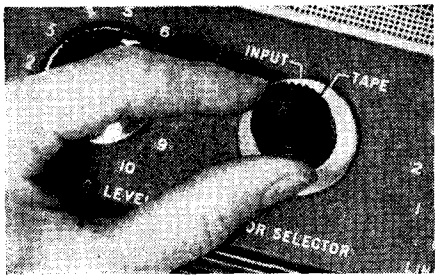
Santayana reminds us that "Only the weak are obliged to be violent; the strong, having all means at command, need not resort to the worst. Refined art is not wanting in power if the public is refined also." So, in the end, the chromium-plated vulgarity that is so garishly evident in too much of today's recorded repertory must be the responsibility of the disc buyers and listeners themselves. Whether our protest is vociferous or silent, it is only the active exercise of our ability to choose between the real and the synthetic that eventually will drive the latter off the market and into the limbo that awaits all outworn and disdained virtuosity-for-its-own-sake. —R. D. DARRELL.





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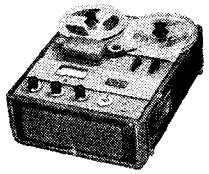

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HOW MANY DIAMONDS?

I READ with interest the letter by A.M. DuBois [*SR* Nov. 27]. It amazes me that you would publish such letters in your column. In his letter Mr. DuBois referred to an advertisement in several issues of your magazine. He said the advertisement stated there were 2,000 diamonds on the page, when actually he found only 1,643. Obviously Mr. DuBois cannot count. Upon counting the diamonds, I find there are 987 white and 1,056 black diamonds. This gives a grand total of 2,043 diamonds, exactly 400 more than Mr. DuBois's conservative *estimate!* There are possibly forty-three diamonds which are not seen, for the lady standing in front of the display covers a number of them.

JACK L. AKER.

Topeka, Kans.

2,112?

I FEEL I MUST come to the rescue of *The Saturday Review* and Columbia Records. I count 1,056 black, 987 white, plus 138 "half" (white), or a total of 2,112 whole diamonds.

The Saturday Review and Columbia Records, as usual, give us more for our money.

R. P. STOKELY.

Silver Springs, Md.

2,043!

YOU SHOULD HAVE done some mathematics. There actually are twenty-two times forty-eight, or 1,056 blacks as DuBois correctly states, but there are also twenty-one times forty-seven or 987 (not 587) whites, for a total of 2,043 provided, of course, one asks the lady to move over.

It seems to me, therefore, that Columbia is essentially correct in their statement. I've made no effort to count how many the lady has hidden.

EARL R. SHARP.

Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dissenting opinions are invited. We promise a Columbia "360" to the best evaluation of the situation.*

CONCERNING JAZZ

MAY I REGISTER my hearty approval of Balliett's and Hobson's condemnation of Granz's nauseating noise. Jazz is in a most precarious position. There are no great schools; so far as I know, none of the great music schools has jazz sections. There is not even one subsidized jazz orchestra, which is the reason why creative jazz is found only in the small combo.

JOHN E. AUERBACH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MORE JAZZ TO JUDGE

I WAS DISAPPOINTED and a little surprised to see that LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [*SR* Nov. 27] was all about classical music. As far as I am concerned, the best parts of your Recordings Section are the jazz reviews of Wilder Hobson and Bill Simon.

CHARLES E. FOX.

Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The issue of January 15 will carry a section completely devoted to jazz.*

ALBANESE ABSENT?

I HAVE SEARCHED the catalogue for the listing of a recent complete opera recording with Licia Albanese, but have been unable to find one.

J. E. SPENCER, JR.

Clarksville, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Albanese is, of course, the soprano in the Toscanini version of "Traviata" and "Boheme."*

CHEERS FOR CHASINS

A MOST DELIGHTFUL surprise was the revelation of Abram Chasins as a music critic of high caliber. His ideas are telling ones and they are admirably expressed. The general tenor of music criticism being what it is in this country, it is a great pleasure to have critical writing so good from a musician of standing. It would be nice if *SR* could give us further reviews of recorded piano literature by Mr. Chasins. How about something from him on Chopin, Schumann, or Mozart?

Still awaiting an explanation from you of the *SR*'s persistent ignoring of Camden records.

GEORGE RUDYARD.

Little Rock, Ark.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page 38. Camden records are not submitted for review, hence they are not reviewed.*

IS WAGNER UNWIELDY?

UNDER "WAGNER'S LANDMARK" [*SR* Nov. 27], Albert L. Anderson calls attention to the inexplicable neglect of Wagner's operas by the recording companies. Your answer—"Who's going to pay the bill?"—sounds to me rather facetious. It seems to imply that Wagner opera records would cost more than other great operas, at least more than could be realized by the sales of the records.

I do not believe this is the case. To mention only two of the best recent opera releases, the RCA-HMV "Boris Godounoff" and the London "Der Rosenkavalier," with their array of singers of first magnitude, should have cost as much as any of Wagner's operas.

EMIL KUN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Rosenkavalier" represented a "Vienna cast" able to record with little rehearsal; the "Boris" with Christoff is hardly as sizable an undertaking as "Rheingold," for example, and has considerably more general appeal.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 40¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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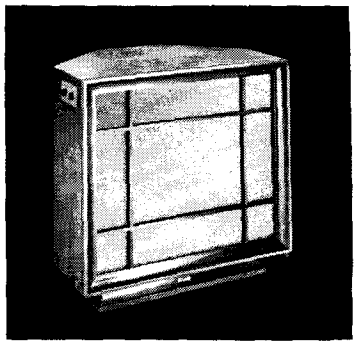

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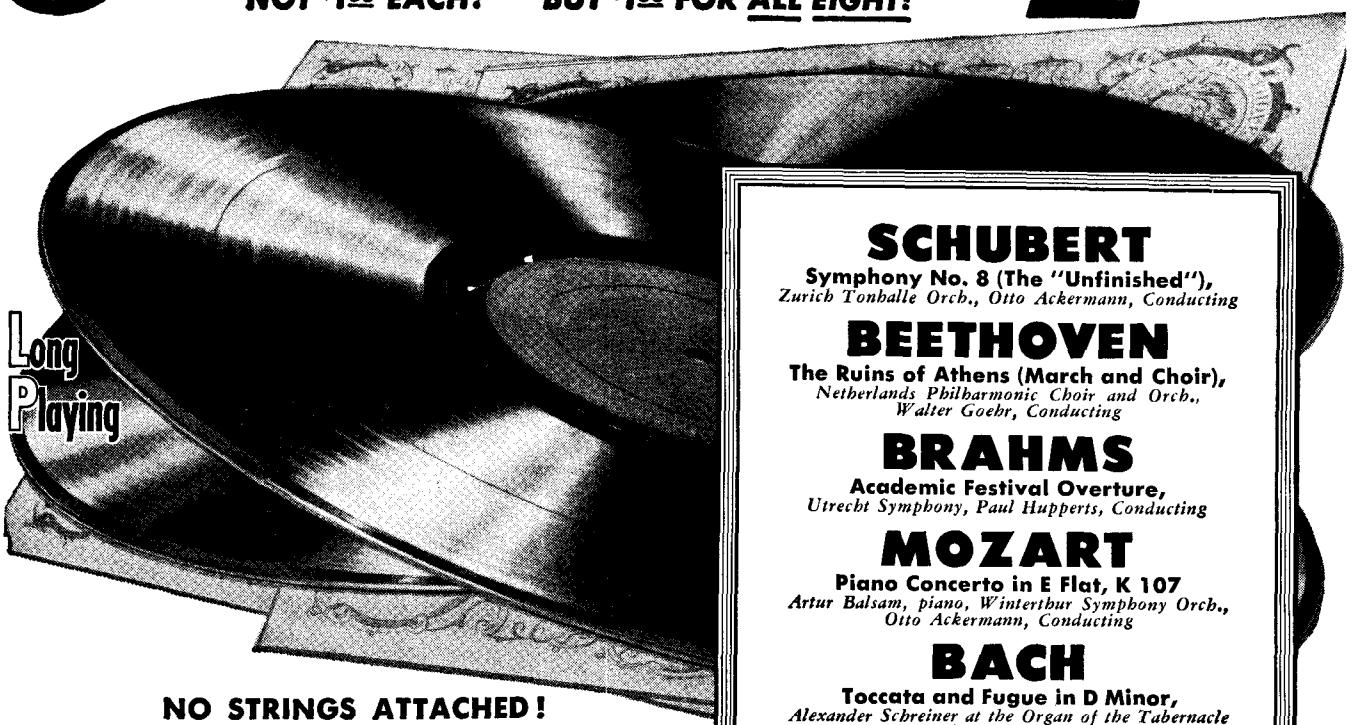

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BRAHMS
Academic Festival Overture,
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, Conducting

MOZART
Piano Concerto in E Flat, K 107
Artur Balsam, piano, Winterthur Symphony Orch., Otto Ackermann, Conducting

BACH
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor,
Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle Salt Lake City

WAGNER
Die Meistersinger, Prelude, Act 1
Zurich Tonhalle Orch., Otto Ackermann, Conducting

DUKAS
Sorcerer's Apprentice,
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, Conducting

MOUSSORGSKY
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Netherlands Philharmonic, Walter Goehr, Conducting

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